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IN BLAZING COLOR!

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JIMMY KIMMEL,
JASON ALEXANDER
& OTHERS REVEAL
"WHAT DRIVES
ME MAD!"

UNITED STATES

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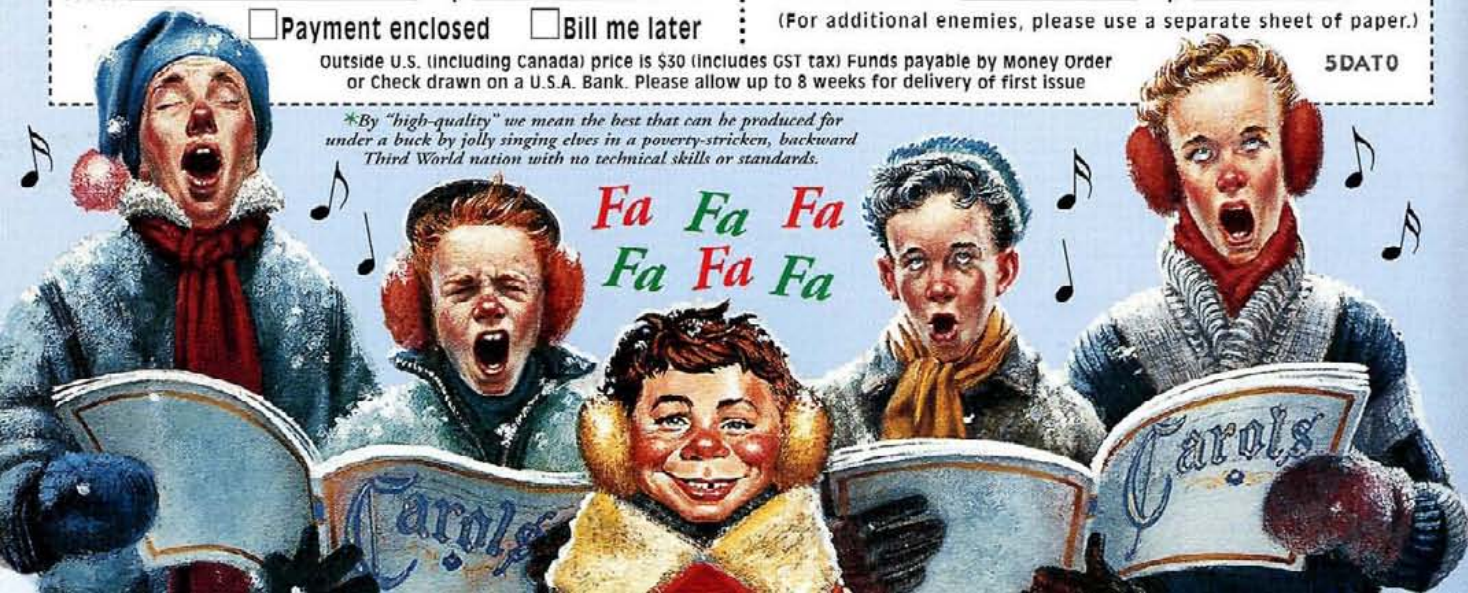
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5DATO

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*Fa Fa Fa
Fa Fa Fa*



MAD

DECEMBER 2000

NUMBER 400

24



7



**PULL MY
CHENEY**
BY TOM
CHENEY



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THE UNTOLD HISTORY OF MAD MAGAZINE

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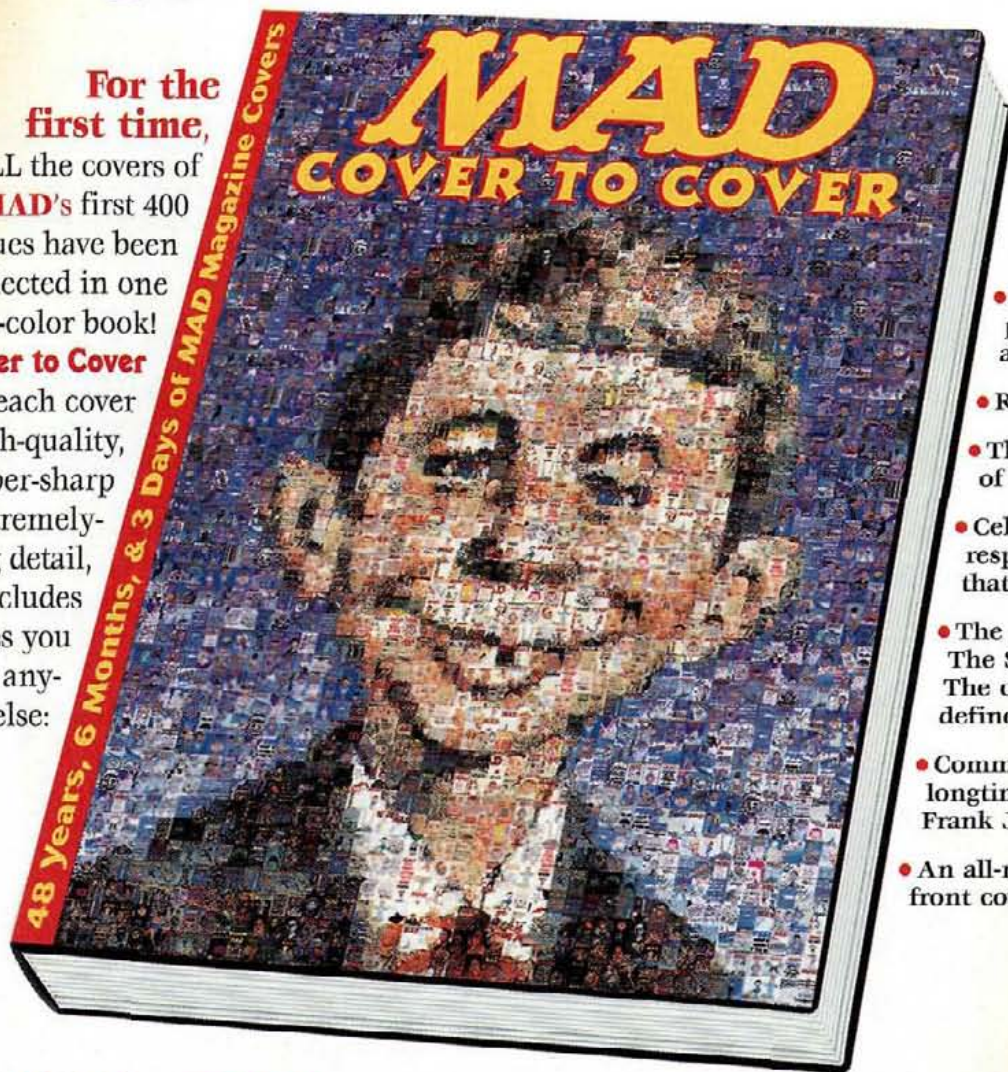


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CHEAP!

1988
EPA Officially
Declares Ed Asner's
Undershirt a
"Protected
Wetlands"

1957
Macy's Santa
Drops Dead;
Seventeen Kids
Emotionally
Scarred for Life

UU A.D.
Fourth Wise Man
Arrives at Stable,
Misses Whole Thing

**THIS MONTH
IN HISTORY**

DECEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

1995
Spotty Attendance
Reported at Tel Aviv
Kwanzaa Celebration

1995
Porn Industry
Mourns the Loss
of Famed Stuntman
"Slappy" Nelson

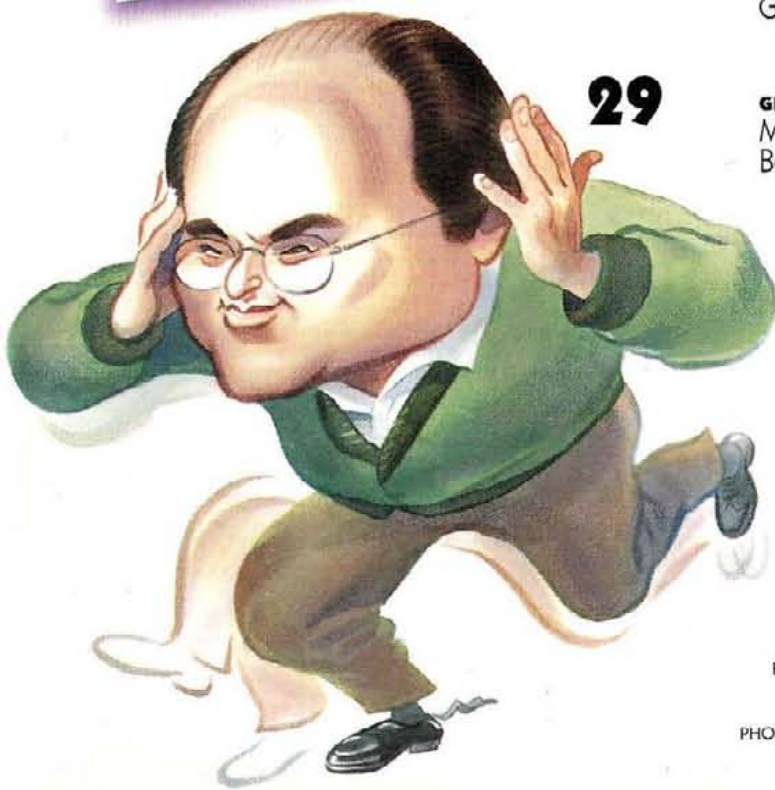
1996
CBS Declines to Air
Animated Special,
Rudolph's Crack-
Smoking Christmas

1996
UPN Proudly Airls First
Holiday Special,
Rudolph's Crack-
Smoking Christmas



26

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MORE DEPARTMENTS

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MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:
"Drawn Out Dramas" **Various Places**
by Sergio Aragones **Around the Magazine**

"Experience is what
makes you pause
briefly before going
ahead and making the
same mistake!"

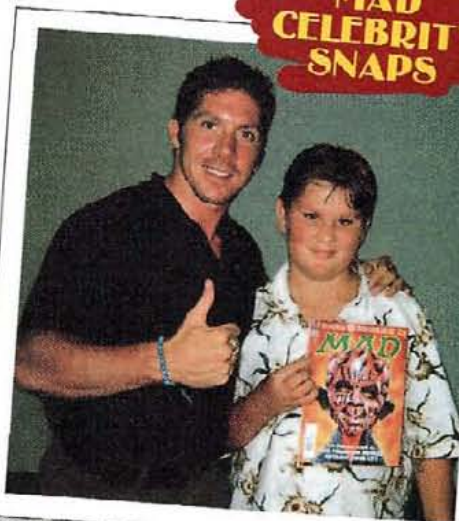


FRONT COVER PHOTOMOSAIC™ BY: ROBERT SILVERS

CELEBRITY PALM ADS:
PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD WRITER: ARIE KAPLAN



MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Joe Mitchell of Austin, TX snags a one-year subscription for capturing a photo of Ray Park (aka Darth Maul). And now for the 915th time we will close this caption with the following pun: Good going Joey Joe, may the farce be with you!

ROME IMPROVEMENT

In your satire of the movie *Gladiator* (MAD #397) A character replies: "This makes no sense! It pits the greatest gladiator in the world against a wimpy emperor." This is an error, since it is well documented that the real Emperor Commodus fought and defeated the most skilled gladiators in the arena, having never lost a bout. In actuality, he was assassinated while in his bath by an athlete named Narcissus. Not as good a movie plot, perhaps, but the truth.

Jerry Greenberg, Dallas, TX

Snoop Jerry Jer — Your knowledge of Roman history couldn't be more wrong. Everyone knows that Commodus was killed by a group of marauding gladiators, who gained access to his palace by hiding in a giant wooden horse named Triggerius. Faced with certain death, the gladiators gave Commodus the choice of drinking hemlock or the gas chamber, which was just coming into widespread use as a cleaner, more efficient alternative to beheading and disembowelment. It is rumored that Commodus' final words, "Give me liberty, or give me death" can still be heard late at night circulating around The Bastille. —Ed.

STRIPS TEASE

The ubiquitous MAD keeps popping up in comic strips everywhere, it seems. Two recent examples appear below.

By Greg Evans

LUANN



By Mark Tatulli

HEART OF THE CITY



HOW TO REACH US
Please Address Correspondence
To: MAD, Dept. 400, 1700
Broadway, New York, New York
10019. MAD welcomes reader
submissions. Manuscripts will not
be returned or acknowledged,
however, unless they are accom-
panied by a self-addressed,
stamped envelope! MAD doesn't
read faxed submissions!

HANDLE WITH BEAR

I carry my newest MAD with me wherever I go. One day I went to Universal Studios and accidentally bumped into Yogi Bear. When he saw my magazine, he tried to steal it from me because he knew what a wonderful book that is. My father caught me in this picture where Yogi Bear was lifting up my magazine so I couldn't reach it. I finally punched him and recovered my magazine. A security guard from Universal Studios kicked me out of the park. My family was upset. Because we were kicked out, but it didn't bother me. Now, my joy would be complete if you publish my picture and give me a three-year subscription!

Jose Alas, Lake Worth, FL



Jose Can You See — It's clear to us you're smarter than the average MAD reader, even if your "Boo Boo" got you tossed out of Universal Studios. Seriously, consider yourself lucky. Had you punched one of the characters at Disney, in accordance with strict Disney policy as written by Walt himself, you would have met with one of three fates: Drinking hemlock, beheading or disembowelment. Because Yogi is holding the issue you get the coveted three-year subscription, which by the way, is a lot cheaper than a one day entrance fee to Universal Studios! Congrats! —Ed.



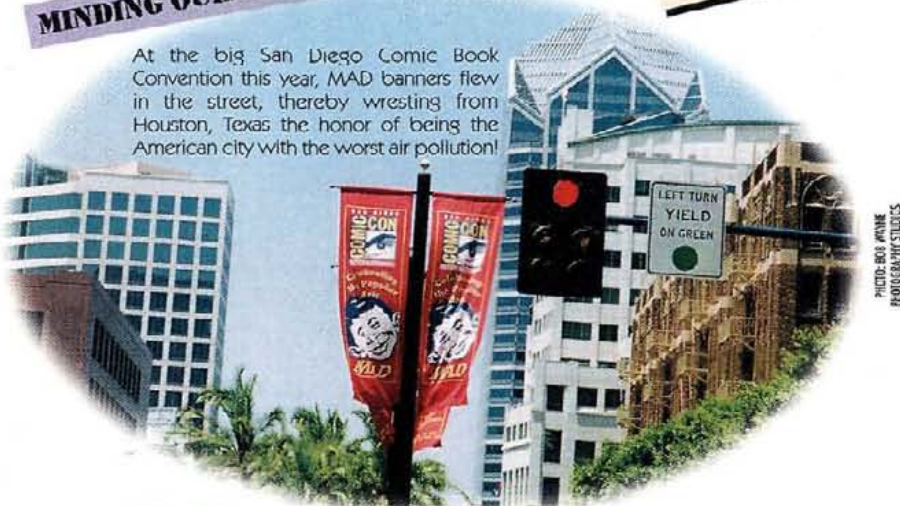
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MINDING OUR BANNERS

At the big San Diego Comic Book Convention this year, MAD banners flew in the street, thereby wresting from Houston, Texas the honor of being the American city with the worst air pollution!



TV OR NOT TV

I noticed that in your issue "MAD's 50 Worst Things About TV" (#396) you missed at least two things that should have been put on: 1) Comedy Central's obsession with showing "funny" movies, even though these movies from the late 80s/early 90s never got more than two stars and center around fart jokes 99% of the time. 2) The Sci-Fi channel's choice of canceling the only good, original show they had, *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, just because it's a little more comedic than science fiction.

Samuel Swanson, Fort Worth, TX

Swan Song — Two excellent suggestions. Thanks for writing. —Ed.
P.S. Who cut the cheese? Ha!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

Here is my problem: There is a boy in my class who I am madly in love with, but I am too shy to tell him. He reads MAD so I thought I'd write to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*! Here is my dumb wish: Please print that Elissa Nelson loves Michael Spector. Thanks!

Elissa Nelson, Occidental, CA

Whoa Nelly — True love is in the air and if there's one thing we here at the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* love to do is play the role of Cupid! So, here's the deal, now that we've printed your letter to that stud muffin Mikey, please keep us informed as your relationship blossoms. Tell us where you went on your first date, what did you talk about and will there be a second date. Photos will be much appreciated! Yes, Elissa, here's your chance to make our dumb wish come true. Not since Darva and Rick have so many awaited a progress report on a blossoming relationship! Good luck! —Ed.

If you love our 400th cover you can now purchase a limited edition framed lithograph signed by legendary MAD cover artists Kolly Froas, Will Elder, Mort Drucker, Al Jaffee, Richard Williams and Jack Davis. It is available at Warner Bros. Studio Stores around the country. For more information please call (212) 754-0300 ext. 3050!



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the usual gang of idiots

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Celine Dion's voice mail number. Leave message asking her if she wants role of Mrs. Binks in Episode 2.



10 AM: Meet with California State Legislature, propose bill to have "Gungan" taught in public schools.



Have Harrison Ford fix my porch.



Meet with Italian Anti-Defamation League over my plans to introduce space teamster character named "Wop-Wop."



Synchronize and back up my Palm V Organizer with my PC with just one touch — hey, I wonder how many millions I could make if I slapped a sticker of Queen Amidala on this thing and sold it as a Star Wars toy?



Moronically connected.

George Lucas

Filmmaker, Visionary, Prophet



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A MAD AD
PARODY



THE UNTOLD HISTORY OF **MAD** MAGAZINE



by Desmond
Devlin

The New York Times. Scientific American. Cat Fancy.

These and other publications have reflected the times in which they thrived, providing a snapshot of our nation's evolution at a critical juncture. But no magazine can claim to have changed the way generations of Americans live, breathe and think.

Except *MAD* Magazine.

Yes, America's longest-running humor magazine, besides *Time*, has not been content to merely notice the snags in society's fabric after the fact. No, no, no. The sociological dynamo that is *MAD* has always been at the forefront of change and innovation and even

more change. *MAD* has affected our culture and history in such an all-encompassing and fundamental way that it is sometimes easy to overlook our awesome influence. This special section will correct that unfortunate oversight.

It is virtually impossible to think of any important trend or moment in our country's past 50 years that did not originate in our pages. And on the glorious occasion of *MAD*'s 400th issue, it seems apropos (and if not apropos, then at least appropriate) to revisit the grand history of the men, women and pre-op transsexuals who made it all happen.

1952

Bill Gaines knew that the man who would edit *MAD* had to have a brilliant sense of humor as well as a groundbreaking visual sense. He had to be a man who could see through the phoniness of popular culture. And he had to be a man who could take a little 10-cent comic book and transform it into the premiere satirical force of the 20th century.

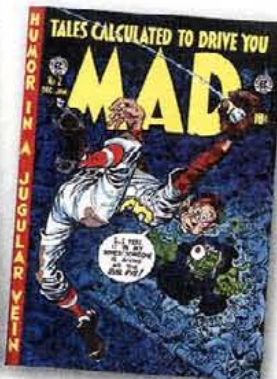
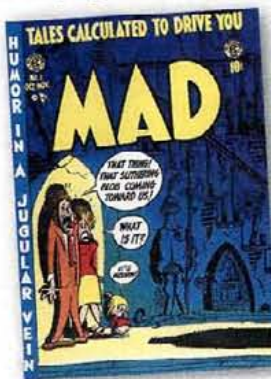
Unfortunately, that man was busy, so Gaines hired Harvey Kurtzman.



Illustrations by Scott Bricher, Drew Friedman, Al Jaffee, Sergio Aragones, Paul Coker, Angelo Torres & Tom Richmond

ALSO, IN 1952...

The second issue of *MAD* goes on sale on December 9, 1952. On December 11, the first-ever letter complaining that *MAD* "just isn't as funny and original like it used to be" arrives.



1953

MAD is still searching for its editorial voice, as can be seen in this early bit of attempted political satire:



1954

The storybook marriage of baseball legend Joe DiMaggio and tinseltown bombshell Marilyn Monroe soon goes sour due to *MAD*'s corrosive influence. Joe becomes enraged as he watches Marilyn film a movie scene standing over a subway grating, her dress flying high in the breeze. Insiders assume DiMaggio is outraged because hundreds of drooling onlookers are ogling his wife's exposed thighs and buttocks. But what REALLY infuriates the Yankee Clipper is that his wife would debase herself in public by reading *MAD*.



1955







On December 1, Rosa Parks stops at a newsstand in Montgomery, Alabama on her way home from work. While riding on the poorly-lit bus, she is unable to read her copy of *MAD* #26 from her usual back row seat.

Moving to the front, Parks begins laughing so loudly that the bus driver orders her to knock it off. Parks refuses. Soon the entire Civil Rights movement is born - another great moment in *MAD*'s proud history.



ALSO, IN 1955...

Not all the legal news is good for Bill Gaines and *MAD*. Without video games or rap music to pick on, Congress is forced to hold hearings on the dangers of comic books. This poses a direct threat to Gaines' varied line of titles: *Tales from the Crypt*, *Crypt of Terror*, *The Terrible Crypt*, *The Terrible, Terrible Crypt*, *The Terrorizingly Terrible Crypt Tales*, and *MAD*. Gaines volunteers to testify before a Senate committee. It does not go well:

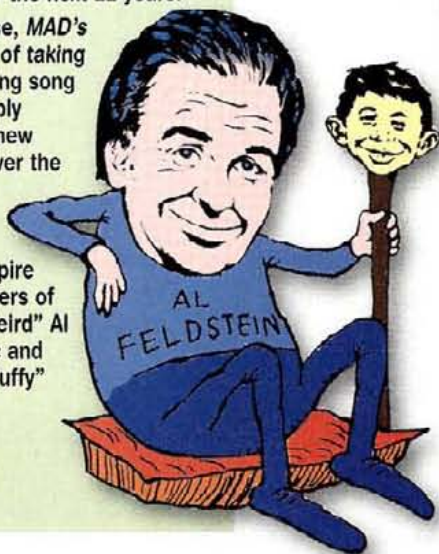
-  I have your May issue. This seems to be a man holding a woman's severed head, is that correct?
-  It depends on what your definition of "beheaded" is.
-  I think that the cover speaks for itself.
-  I do not recall authorizing that cover. There is no clear legal authority. This is a vast right-wing conspiracy against me. Free Mumia!
-  Mr. Gaines, do you have anything else to say for yourself?
-  Hey, does anybody want any of this heroin?



1956

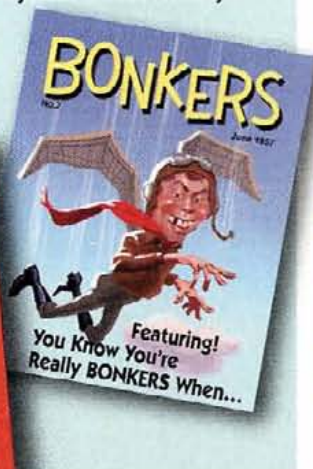
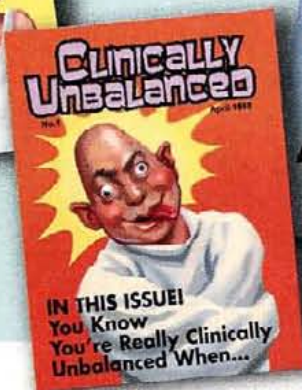
Al Feldstein takes over the reins as editor of *MAD*, and it isn't long before the magazine reflects his influence. Writers initially bristle when he insists on the use of punctuation. Also, no longer will every single article end with every single character falling off a cliff. But Feldstein's most noteworthy editorial contribution is his bold decision to parody the song "On The Street Where You Live" in every issue for the next 22 years.

Of course, *MAD*'s concept of taking an existing song and simply singing new words over the original music would later inspire the careers of both "Weird" Al Yankovic and Sean "Puffy" Combs.



1955-60

As with any big success, *MAD* spawns many imitators. Soon newsstands are clogged with competitors such as *Wacky*, *Gaga*, *Bugnuts*, *Loco*, *Bonkers*, *Clinically Unbalanced*, *The Problems of the Mentally Ill*, *Non Compos Mentis*, *Medical Candidate for Invasive Frontal Lobe Surgery* and *A Danger Both to Himself and to His Community*. The sheer number of *MAD* imitators is so out of control that there isn't enough paper to print them all. Soon, publishers are making deals with Brazilian land barons to raze their rain forests. Scientists estimate that it will take at least 200 years for Earth's ecosystem to recover fully.



1960

Squeezed by his drug lord financial backers on one side and the IRS on the other, Gaines initiates the legendary *MAD* trips as a way to get out of town for a while. He shows a tremendous skill for choosing vacation destinations of great peace and tranquility, which insure a deeply restful and restorative experience for his staff.



MAD PROFILE: DON MARTIN • MAD PROFILE: DON MARTIN • MAD PROFILE: DON MARTIN

Other cartoonists considered Don Martin the pro's pro. Martin absolutely refused to use any sound effect in his cartoons until he'd verified that such a sound could be created in nature. His art studio was jammed from wall to wall with tubs of jello, live baby penguins, bowling balls, catapults, stained glass windows, tension springs and maracas.

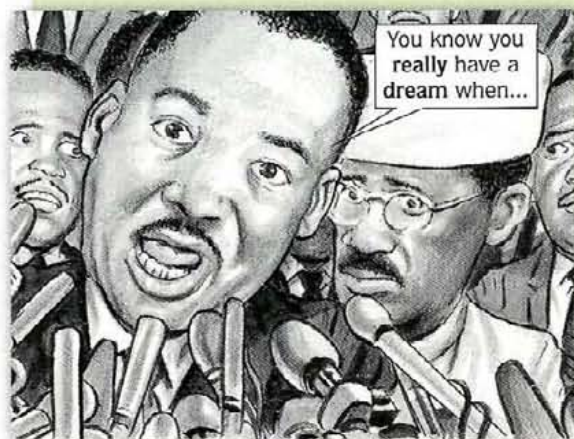
And so, when Martin drew a picture of a man dangling from a helicopter's bungee cord and cleaning the nostrils of Mount Rushmore with a 28-foot-long Q-tip accompanied by a large SKEEKA-SKEEKA sound, Don knew that his cartoon would contain the most important element of all: realism.

Many of Don's most outrageous sound effects have found their way into popular culture, including FLUBBER, VELCRO, MOESHA, GARCIA-PARRA and HÄAGEN-DAZS.



1963

Martin Luther King secretly asks *MAD*'s writers to "punch up" the text of a dull speech he plans to deliver in Washington, D.C. He is later hailed for his historic address.



1964

After editors notice that any piece of Al Jaffee art always looks better with half of it covered up, *MAD* begins running his popular "Fold-In" feature in issue #86. However, it takes some time for Jaffee to master the format, as can be seen by this early example.



1965

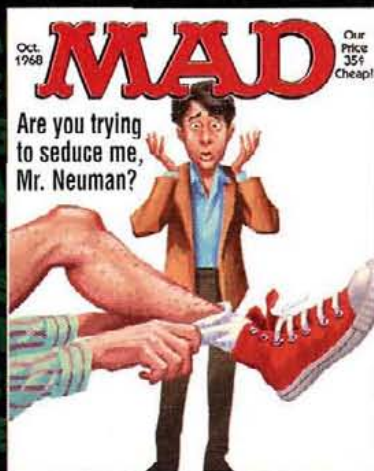
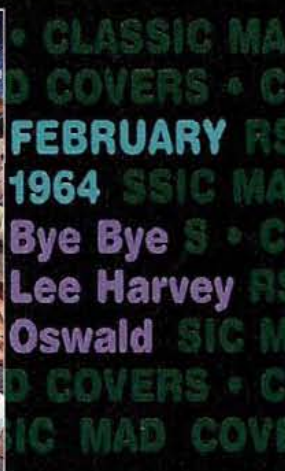
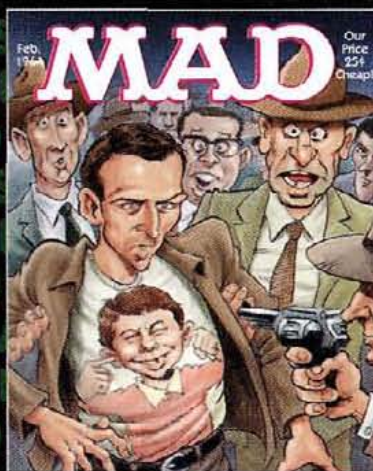
Reclusive *The Catcher in the Rye* author J.D. Salinger picks up *MAD* #99, which contains a wicked parody of the then-current film *A Thousand Clowns*. Titled "A Thousand Clods," the humor is so telling and incisive that a demoralized Salinger realizes his work simply cannot compete. He never writes again.



1968

While attending a London art show, Bill Gaines first meets conceptual artist Yoko Ono. Quickly, her influence is all over *MAD*. One six-page article repeatedly asks only, "What is the sound of an apple crying?" Issue #121 is the lowest-selling edition of *MAD* ever, featuring 48 entirely blank pages except for the word "FEAR" in tiny type on page 37. Even *MAD* #122, printed entirely on large wooden planks, outsells the avant garde "white issue." Gaines publishes several issues from inside a large burlap sack, which admittedly improves his wardrobe but does little for the quality of the magazine.

Onlookers worry that Yoko will "break up the *MAD* staff," but the torrid Gaines-Ono affair eventually runs its course. Two years later, The Beatles are no more. And the only remaining traces of Yoko's influence in *MAD* are apparent whenever a reader comes to Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of..." and cries, "Ono!"



1972

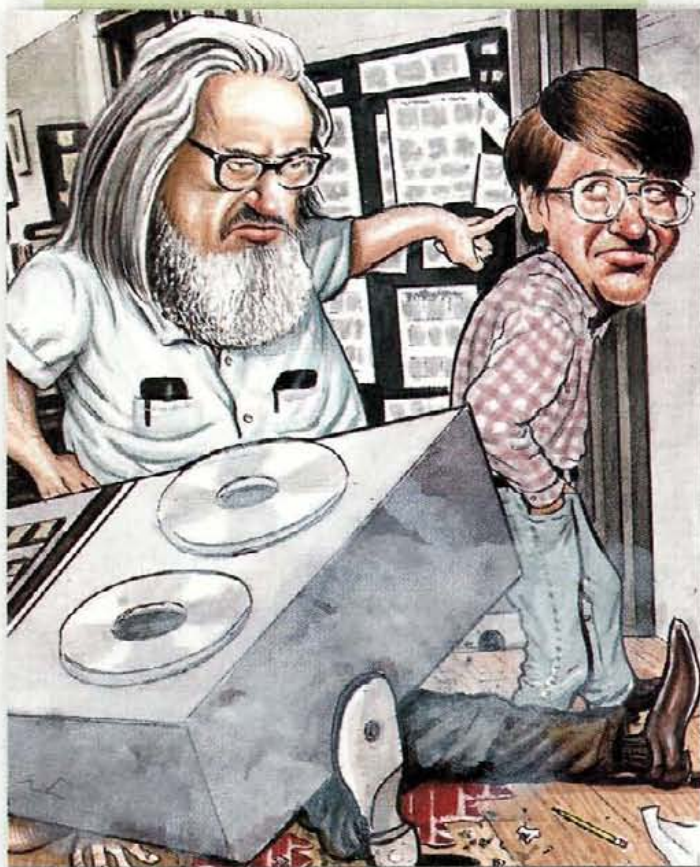
MAD briefly runs the most unpopular and controversial feature in its history, Antonio Prohias' "Roe vs. Wade."



1974

While using the bathroom, Bill Gaines finds the side-splittingly hilarious "MAD's Tet Offensive Primer" propped up behind a plunger. The article had been missing since 1968, and was therefore never published. Gaines realizes that his office is not working efficiently and decides to unify all of his employees' desks with a computerized "link" or "web." To turn his ingenious plan into reality, he hires a young man fresh out of high school named William Gates.

Unfortunately, 1974 technology is such that each employee's computer ends up weighing over 5,000 pounds. When then *MAD* Production Director Lenny Brenner is nearly crushed to death while attempting to type his password, Gaines has had enough. He goes back to *MAD*'s old, inefficient system and promptly fires young William Gates who, along with Gaines' "computer web" idea, is never heard from again.

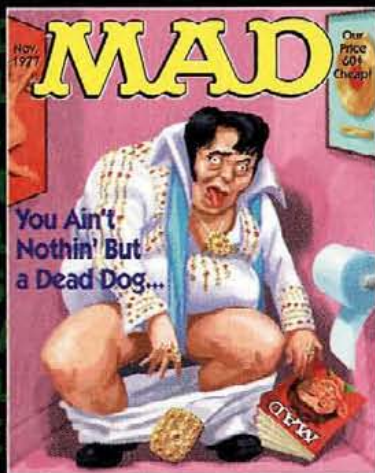


1978

Indiana intern and proofreader J. Danforth Quayle is fired when *MAD* #198 contains more than 150 typographical errors, including seven different spellings of the word "a." An angry Quayle leaves, vowing that he will find a job where people won't notice his spelling.



• CLASSIC MAD
NOVEMBER 1974
MAD Kicks
Dick Nixon
Around One
Last Time



• CLASSIC MAD
NOVEMBER 1977
The King
Is Dead
CLASSIC MAD
IS • CLASSIC
D COVERS •

1979

In Wilmington, North Carolina, a 16-year-old wannabe comedy writer begins sending ideas to *MAD*. Diligently, he mails a package of articles every week, but his writing just doesn't have that special indefinable "it" that makes for a *MAD* article. Despite hundreds of attempts, he fails to make a single sale. However, he becomes so adept at throwing his crumpled-up rejection letters into the garbage can that he catches the watchful eye of basketball coach Dean Smith and decides to fall back on his second choice of career. And so, thanks to the *MAD* editors who never gave the unfunny comedy of Michael Jordan a chance, basketball fans the world over were treated to two decades of thrills.



1980

While on a trip to Japan, Bill Gaines is seated directly across a restaurant table from Toru Iwatani, a struggling young computer designer. After watching dumbfounded for five hours as Gaines gobbles down everything within his reach without pausing for breath, Iwatani is seized with the inspiration to create Pac-Man.



1981

Saddam Hussein hears an old copy of *It's a Gas*, the classic *MAD* single from the '60s. The wackily flatulent tune gives him the idea to develop nerve gas, which he later uses to kill, maim and blind tens of thousands of Kurds. "I never could have done it without *MAD*!" the mustachioed dictator later chirps. At first, *MAD* editors feel some guilt for the horrible massacre, but when they receive an amusing photo of Saddam Hussein for the letters page, all is forgiven.



MAD PROFILE: SERGIO ARAGONES • MAD PROFILE: SERGIO ARAGONES • MAD PROFILE: SERGIO ARAGONES

After being driven from the Presidency of Mexico in 1961, Sergio Aragonés came to the United States the following year. When he arrived in *MAD*'s offices, the editors took one look at his eye-popping portfolio, recognized his incredible talent, and jumped at the chance to badly underpay an immigrant who didn't yet understand American money.

Aragonés' first article, "Sergio Aragonés Looks at the Prevailing Scientific Viewpoint on Open-Air Hydrogen Bomb Testing," was by far the wordiest in the magazine's history. However, when Aragonés received his tiny paycheck, he suddenly realized that *MAD* did NOT pay by the word. He angrily vowed never to waste his time churning out pages and pages of copy again, and his work has been word-free ever since.



1982

After years of *MAD* writer Frank Jacobs' fill-in-the-blank "Do-It-Yourself Newspaper Article" articles in which readers would create absurdly incomprehensible stories filled with gibberish, the long-running *MAD* feature is instantly rendered irrelevant. *USA Today* debuts.

1983

In New York for a critical series, Kansas City Royals star George Brett visits the *MAD* office. While there, he gets several of the artists to personally autograph a bat. Later, in Yankee Stadium, he mistakenly uses the same bat. When the umpires see all the inky signatures, they mistake it for pine tar, disallow his home run and eject him from the game. The Royals go on to lose the pennant.

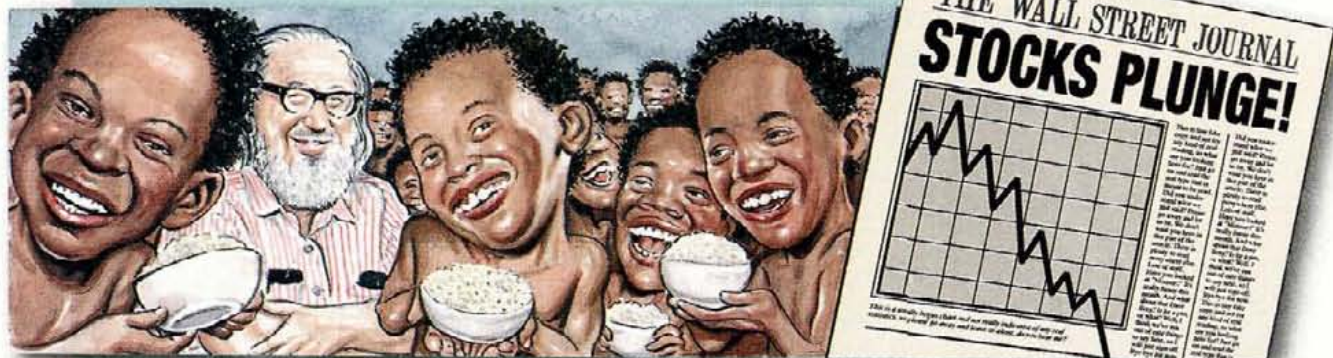
1986

The Iranian edition of *MAD* runs Al Jaffee's "Gizmos, Gadgets and Doo-Dads for the Ayatollah's Bathroom." The bearded holy man explodes with rage: "Unacceptable! The next person to so blaspheme Islam shall be marked for death!" Thus, Jaffee inadvertently seals the fate of hack writer Salman Rushdie.



1987

Live Aid rocked the world's conscience in the summer of '85. Especially moved by the performance of Russian supergroup Autograf, Bill Gaines, in a symbolic gesture, decides to skip lunch for a week. He saves Ghana. However, the impact of his not dining out causes a ripple effect on the U.S. economy, resulting in a 500-point stock market plunge two years later.



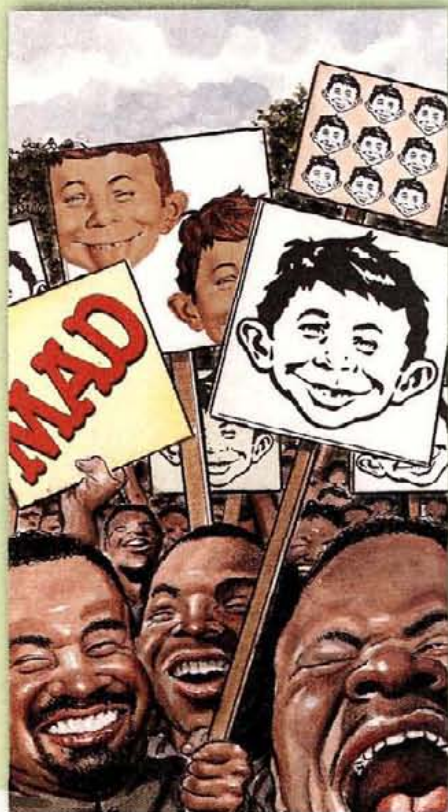
• CLASSIC MAD
AD COVERS •
FEBRUARY
1987 ASSIC MA
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CLASSIC MAD
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1988 SIC MAD
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Than Read IC
AD COVERS •

1990

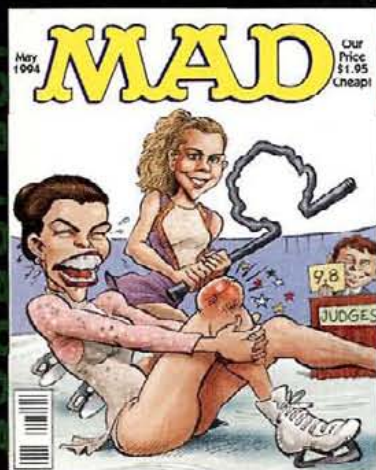
Because of its system of apartheid, South Africa is a world pariah. Banned from the Olympics, hit hard by international sanctions, and with big business pulling investments out by the billions, the country's institutionalized racism is costing the whites-only regime plenty. But a defiant South Africa holds firm. Finally, *MAD* gets involved by canceling President P.W. Botha's personal subscription. A week later, all South Africans are free.



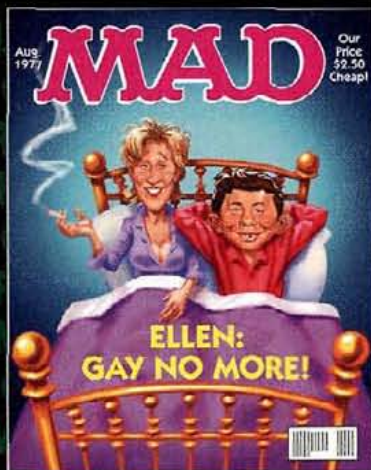
ALSO, IN 1990...

Rarely does *MAD* commission a cover that is not actually used. But incredibly, it happened twice during the Persian Gulf War. A cover depicting President George Bush burning a *MAD* Magazine flag was considered in poor taste, given the conflict. Sensitive *MAD* editors quickly switched to a painting of Alfred E. Neuman

roasting marshmallows over the partially incinerated body of an Iraqi soldier. On second thought, however, it was felt that this cover might be interpreted as favoring marshmallows over other equally tasty snacking products. Finally, after much "backstage" wrangling, the "What, Me Get Killed in a Bogus War to Maintain Texaco's Obscene Profit Margin?" cover proved that *MAD* could be funny without undermining U.S. morale or questioning the war effort.



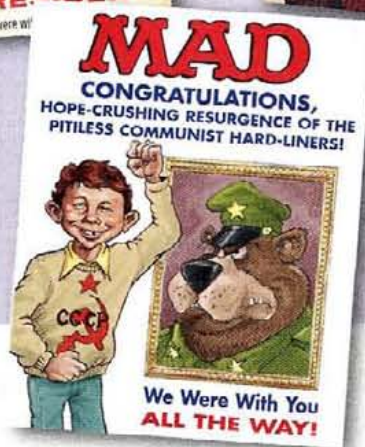
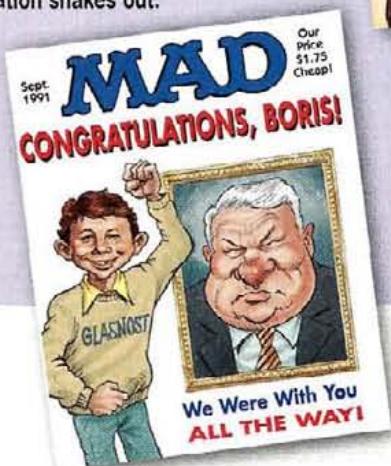
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1994 ASSIC M
Tonya and
Nancy: A OVER
Gold Medal CI
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CLASSIC MAD
ERS • CLASSIC
AUGUSTERS
1997 SIC MAD
Alfred Goes IC
Where No ERS
Man Has MAD
Gone Before
IAD COVERS

1991

The whole world is taken by surprise at the attempted Russian coup by the entrenched soviet apparatchiks, but not *MAD*! Inspired by the Kennedy/Nixon double cover of 1960, *MAD* #305, on sale the morning of the Moscow revolt, beats every other magazine to the newsstand, including *Time* and *Newsweek*. It features two display covers for retailers to choose between, depending on how the volatile situation shakes out.



1994

O.J. Simpson comes home to find that his wife Nicole has already done his *MAD* Fold-In. The rest is history.

1995

Bill Gaines' wife and *MAD* Managing Editor Annie Gaines makes a generous donation of her late husband's old clothes to underprivileged youth in the inner city. Within three months, oversized, baggy pants are THE fashion statement of the summer.



MAD PROFILE: FRANK JACOBS • MAD PROFILE: FRANK JACOBS • MAD PROFILE: FRANK JACOBS

Frank Jacobs has written over 8,000 articles for *MAD* Magazine. Hundreds of these pieces were even paid for and printed.

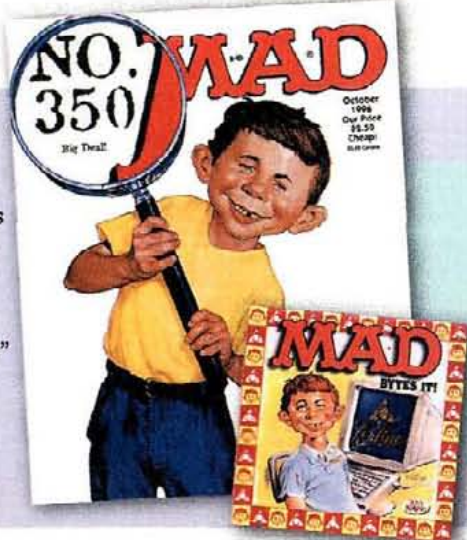
Jacobs quickly became the poet laureate of the magazine, and his pen both chronicled and presaged the times we lived in. From his daring debut, "Indo-China Mother Goose" through the cheeky "British Invasion Mother Goose" up to last year's withering "Sexually Deviant Mother Goose," Jacobs has made more use of tuffets and whey than any writer alive.



Little Ms. Muffet
Liked to, well, rough it
When casual sex
games she'd play
But along came a sickie
Whose famed lethal hickey
Blew Little Ms.
Muffet a-whey!

1996

MAD #350 comes pre-bagged with a free CD-ROM insert. The disc not only includes MAD music clips, a database and dozens of screens, but also features four special MAD cybersurprises named "GOOD TIMES," "IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM MELISSA," "CHERNOBYL," and "ILOVEYOU." Word about the disc spreads fast. And everybody who buys a copy of the issue not only gets a free Neiman Marcus cookie recipe, but magically helps a little kid with brain cancer go to Disneyland.



ALSO, IN 1996...

In conjunction with Spencer gifts, MAD launches a line of novelty underwear. White House intern Monica Lewinsky is so excited after purchasing an Angelo Torres thong that she rushes into the Oval Office to show President William Jefferson Clinton.



2000

MAD #399 marks the end of an era. A 48-year streak of never once having printed the word "kurtosis" comes to an end. However, the magazine has still never included the word "whigmaleerie." Oops.

THE UNTOLD HISTORY OF MAD MAGAZINE EPILOGUE*

No matter how you slice it, it's been a MAD century. And so, as MAD prepares to dominate yet another 100 years of progress, artistic endeavor and worldwide human activity, the only remaining question is: will Sam Viviano's neck rash ever clear up?

Oh, there's a second question, too. What's next for MAD? The future, unlike the typical MAD reader, is bright. Over \$1,200 is being pumped into the MAD.edu website, as the Usual Gang of Exceptional Fellows prepare to take over cyberspace. With fresh content added daily, the site will be just as topical as Jay Leno's monologue, although the website will differ somewhat from *The Tonight Show* by using jokes.

Visitors will also be able to bid on various MAD items and artifacts. Shirts, mugs, T-shirts, toys and perhaps even MAD's own staff via the alfredebay.com link.

Of course, there'll be a section of the MAD.edu website devoted to reader submissions! The general public can post their own jokes and ideas online, and if they pass muster, can experience the incredible thrill of having their very own work plagiarized in the magazine. Don't forget to click "I AGREE" on the legal waiver screen!

But perhaps the most ambitious project of the coming millennium is the Neuman Genome Project. DNA samples have been painfully extracted from dozens of MAD's top contributors. Divided, spliced and carefully incubated under sterile lab conditions, they will result in over 16,000 healthy comedy clones, enough to write and draw the next 125 years of the magazine.

Long after their natural deaths, readers will be laughing with joy at articles by the replicated versions of Mike Snider, Paul Coker, Mort Drucker, John Caldwell and all the rest of MAD's creators.

It's just a shame that the same thing couldn't have happened while they were alive.

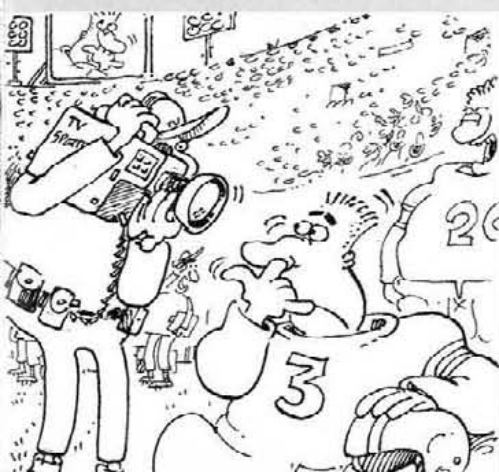
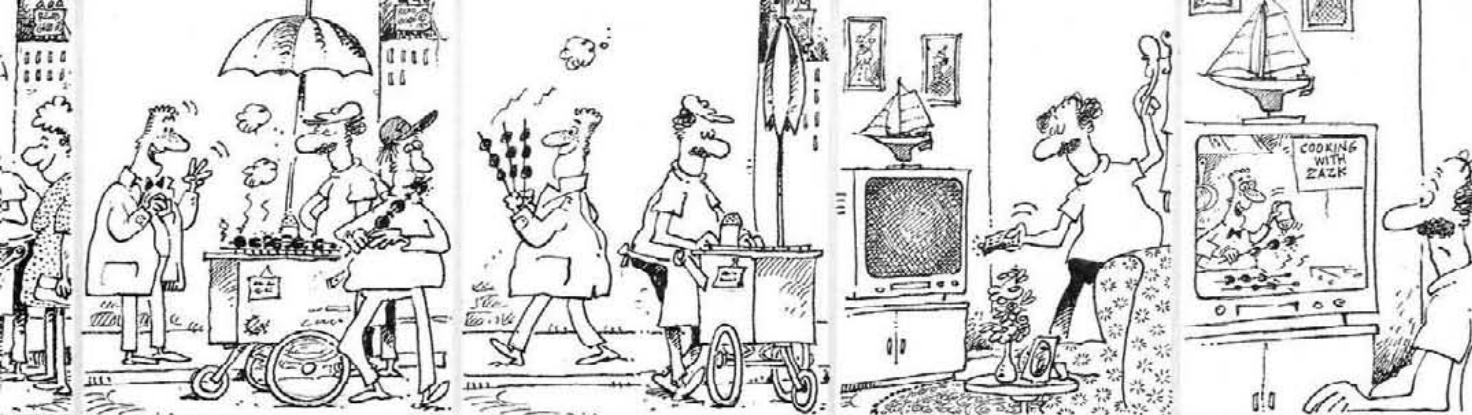
*It's the end, clod!



A MAD LOOK AT TV









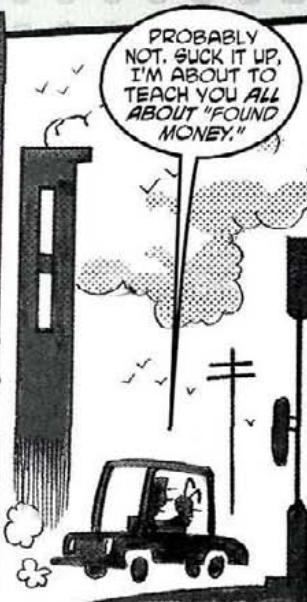
Monty and...



A DAY WITH DAD

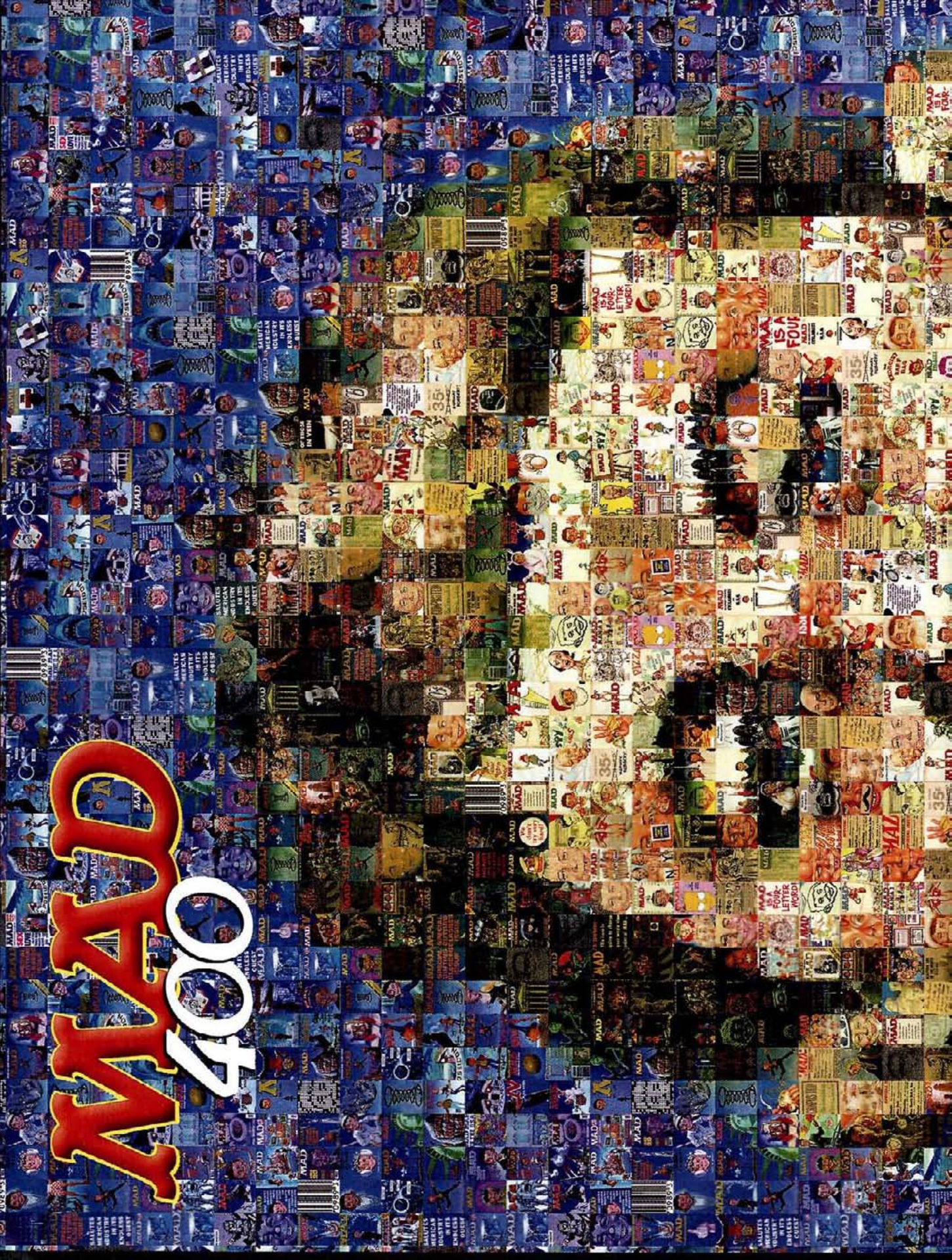
Ever wonder what your Dad does when he's not home yelling at you? Neither does our beleaguered hero...but he's about to find out!

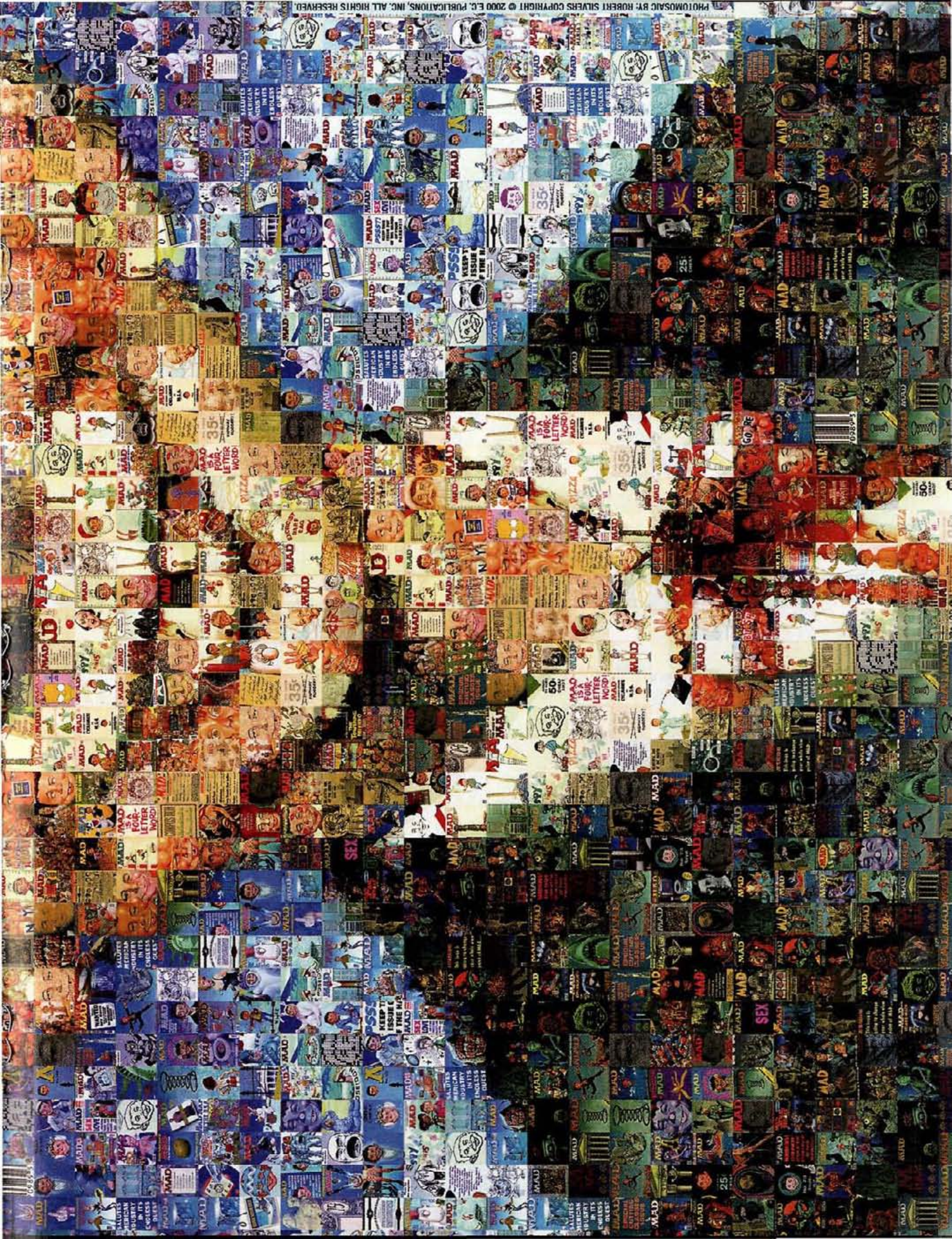






MAD 400

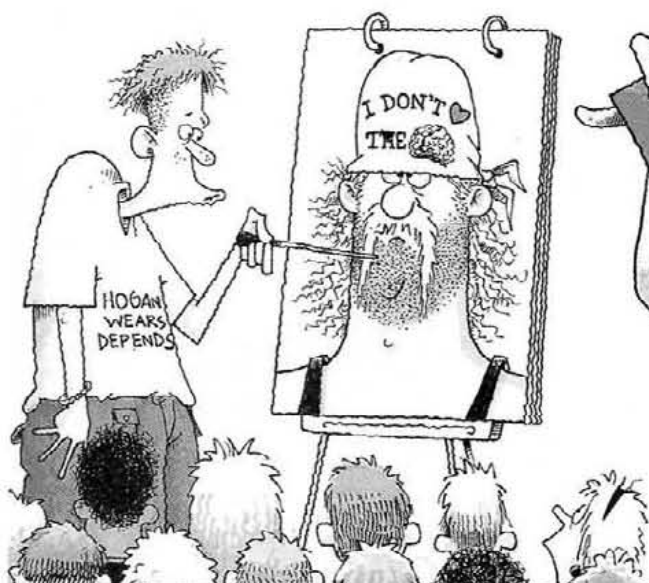




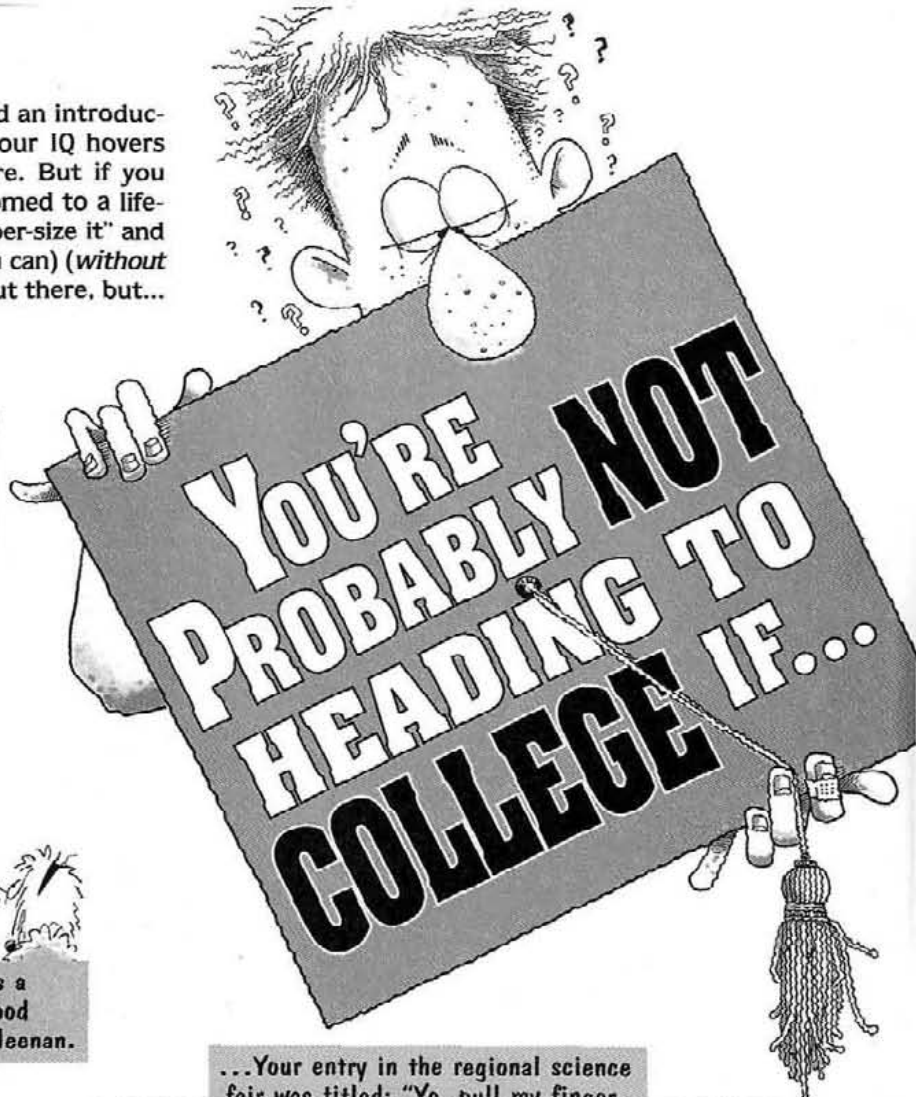
PHOTOMOSAIC BY ROBERT SILVERS COPYRIGHT © 2000 E.C. PUBLICATIONS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



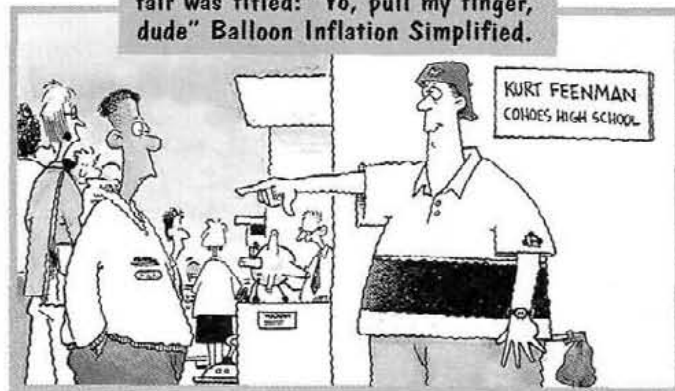
The very fact that you take the time to read an introduction to a MAD article convinces us that your IQ hovers somewhere around your body temperature. But if you need even more convincing that you're doomed to a lifetime of wearing paper hats, offering to "super-size it" and earning minimum wage, then read on (if you can) (without moving your lips!) Sorry, all you brainiacs out there, but...



...Your senior class project in history was a detailed account of the decades of bad blood between Hulk Hogan and Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.



...Your entry in the regional science fair was titled: "Yo, pull my finger, dude" Balloon Inflation Simplified.



...You're pinning all your academic hopes on a "Twister" scholarship.



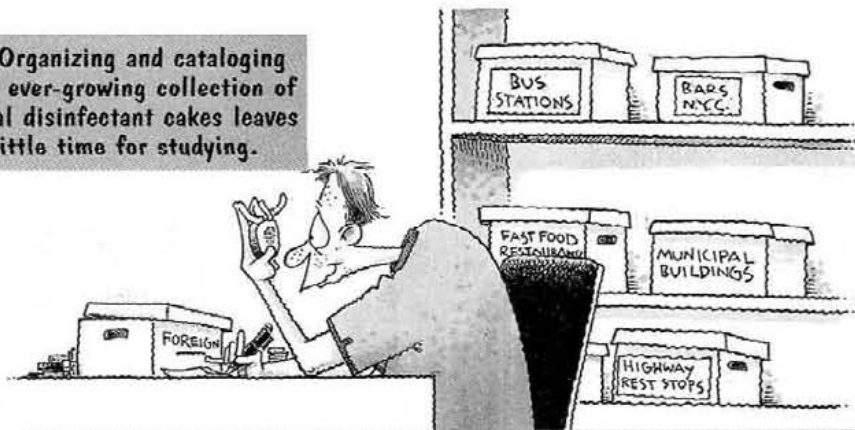
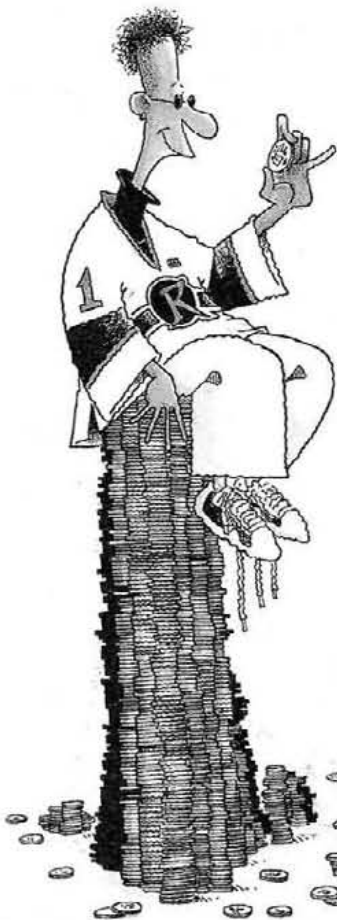
...At the end of every session, instead of guidebooks and curriculum information, your guidance counselor gives you a different landscaping tool.

...You still can't figure out how that F#\$%ing mall sign knows where you are!



...The highlight of your academic year was finally finding Waldo.

...Organizing and cataloging your ever-growing collection of urinal disinfectant cakes leaves little time for studying.



...Your basic philosophy can best be summed up as, "Who needs higher education when I'm sitting on a virtual gold mine in mint condition pogs!"

...You spend your entire Career Day wandering aimlessly around a crowded auditorium in a futile search for bait shop operators.



To make surfing the web easier, manufacturers are now selling computers with "Internet ready keyboards." They're just like regular keyboards, except they have a row of extra buttons pre-marked with handy icons and programmed to go directly to the matching web site — The key marked with an airplane takes you to a travel site, the key marked with a dollar sign takes you to a financial site and so on. But frankly, we don't think the web sites they send us to live up to the buttons' promise! We'd like to put the honesty back into computing by introducing...

"INTERNET READY KEYBOARD" ICONS THAT TELL IT LIKE IT IS



Push this key and go straight to eBay, where your misplaced desire to recapture your youth and the frenzied excitement of bidding leads you to pay \$1,219.00 for a Partridge Family lunchbox (thermos missing). Just like the one your mother sold at a garage sale last year for 50 cents... most likely to the same person you're about to send \$1,219.00 to.



This easy to remember key takes you directly to the Ford/Firestone Disintegrating Tire Recall Website. But right now volume is heavy. Try again later, if you're still alive.



This key links you to an "Internet radio" site, which lets you listen to the radio over your \$2,000 high-tech computer — effectively allowing you to hear your favorite bands with all the clarity of a \$9 walkman.



This key takes you to a Wall Street trading site where you can invest and lose your life savings in questionable technology stocks — just like the pros, but *without* those pesky broker fees!



This key connects you to one of many online merchandise catalogs who claim their web site is "secure." We guess they say that because it's where &*&\$! hackers go to "secure" your credit card number and join you in experiencing the convenience of online shopping. Except they're not paying, bunky.



Push the pirate flag and go to Napster — a music "trading" site where you can download copyrighted songs for free. It's just like going to the music store, except you're not paying. Hmmm, looks like you and those &*&\$! hackers who stole your credit card number have a lot in common, eh bunky?



Follow the Quacks icon to a "medical advice chat room" where untrained unprofessionals dole out questionable and possibly life-threatening medical advice — but at least you don't have to wear one of those flimsy examination gowns.



This key takes you to priceline.com, where you can save five bucks on a flight between NY and Boston, providing you don't mind making nine stopovers in 17 hours.



This least-used Internet key of all takes you to mad-mag.com, which web surfers everywhere agree isn't worth a visit!

ARTIST: TOM BUNK
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



THEY WENT THAT A-WAY DEPT.

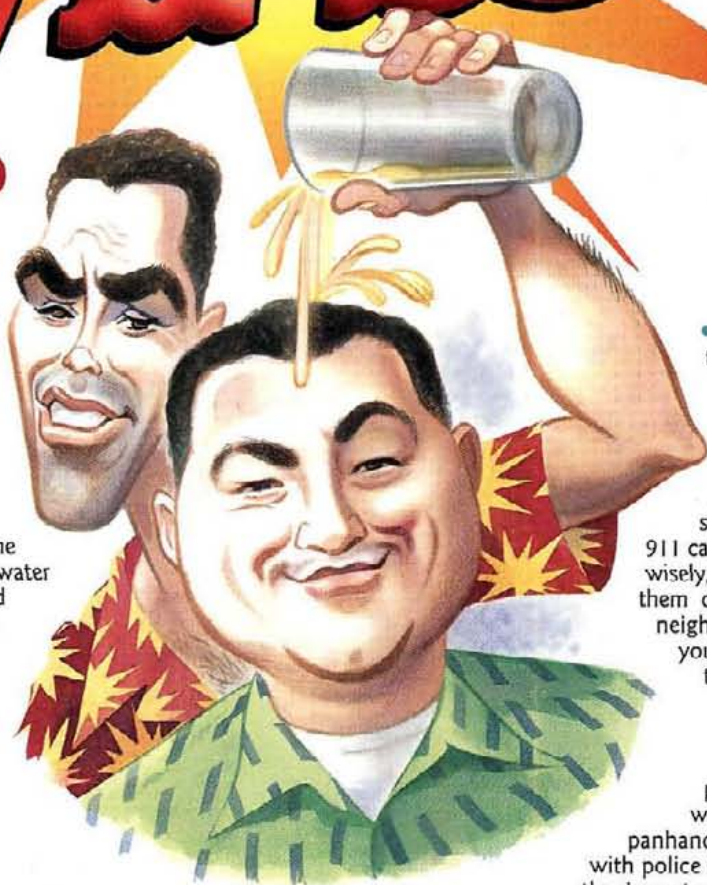
To help make our 400th issue special, we decided to try something different, something never done in the history of MAD — publish four consecutive pages of quality humor! Since history has repeatedly shown that our usual writers are incapable of this, we knew we needed help. So, we sent letters to celebrities from all walks of life and asked them to take a moment and answer a simple question. Much to our surprise, some of them actually wrote back! Here's a sampling of the responses we received when we boldly asked...

WHAT DRIVES YOU

MAD?

ADAM CAROLLA AND JIMMY KIMMEL HOSTS OF COMEDY CENTRAL'S THE MAN SHOW

- People who linger in a coma for years at a time. They should install coin slots on all life support systems. You'll live as long as your family can keep making change.
- The evil geniuses behind bottled water. Ten years ago if we wanted water, we went to the sink and filled up a glass. No one complained. Somewhere along the way, though, someone decided to make water more expensive than beer. And now we'd sooner drink from the toilet than the tap.
- Swift water rescues. Anyone hanging out by the mouth of a river during a torrential downpour deserves to drown. This is just God taking out the garbage.



ARTIST: JOHN KASCHT

- Ballparks and arenas that charge you \$2.50 for a nickel's worth of pretzel.
- People who call 911 on a regular basis. Every citizen should be allowed two 911 calls per year. Use them wisely, because if you waste them complaining about the neighbor's barking dog — you're out of luck when the lawnmower chops off your thumb.
- Panhandlers. We would solve the panhandling problem with a simple plan. All panhandlers will be outfitted with police uniforms. As long as they're out on the street, it might as well look like they're on patrol.

- People who go along with calling Prince "The Artist Formerly Known as Prince" — let's just agree to call him douchebag and be done with it.
- Dog year conversion — a fourteen-year-old dog is fourteen — not 108!
- White guys who act black.
- Women who are always cold.
- John Tesh.

WINONA RYDER ACTRESS

Dr. Laura Schlessinger's ability to inhale and exhale on a daily basis.



TOM WOLFE

AUTHOR

It's when I punch in a phone number and that voice says, "Welcome to the Cyber Max automated answering system. If you are calling from a touchtone telephone, press 1...now." Right away I know I am entering PHONE MAIL JAIL. Punch any of the ensuing 2 to 9 "options" and you descend to the second level of Hell, where there are 2 to 9 sub-"options." Press one of those and you get 2 to 9 sub-sub-"options." Half an hour later, you punch a sub-sub-sub-"option" and your only remaining "option" is to return to a prior sub-sub-sub-"option" at a prior level of Hell — and at that point you realize you're now a LIFER in PHONE MAIL JAIL. I refuse to go through that. Instead, when that voice says "If you are calling from a rotary telephone, please remain on the line; an operator will be with you shortly," I remain on the line and wait 15 minutes, so that I may be told by an actual human being: "Please send us your head. We will freeze-dry and shrink-wrap it and return it to you. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery."



BOB GUCCIONE, JR.

PUBLISHER & EDITOR, GEAR MAGAZINE

What makes me mad? Nothing! The world is perfect! Life is great. Everywhere is love. Love is in the air! How dare you ask me what makes me mad? What's the matter with you? Are you communists? The hell with you! That's right, the hell with you. I never — get — angry, and I'm not going to start now because of some asinine, dumb friggin' question about what makes me mad. Nothing. Got it? Noth — ing. Jesus, go ask someone else your stupid question.

GREG GRUNBERG

ACTOR, FELICITY

Having to let Scott Speedman win when we play one-on-one basketball so he won't cry like a girl every time I crush him when I go to the hoop.



SENATOR FRANK LAUTENBERG

DEMOCRAT,
NEW JERSEY

- Gun-crazed actors who still think they're playing Moses, but whose preaching sounds more like it comes from the Planet of the Apes.
- That Charlton Heston forgets that when God spoke to him in a movie, it was not real life.

SENATOR WAYNE ALLARD

REPUBLICAN, COLORADO

What drives me mad is the national debt and Congress and the President's inability to put in place a plan to repay it.

SENATOR SUSAN COLLINS

REPUBLICAN, MAINE

The fact that I've never seen Ted Koppel and Alfred E. Neuman in the same room together.

REPRESENTATIVE BARNEY FRANK

DEMOCRAT 4TH DISTRICT,
MASSACHUSETTS

Dumb Questions.



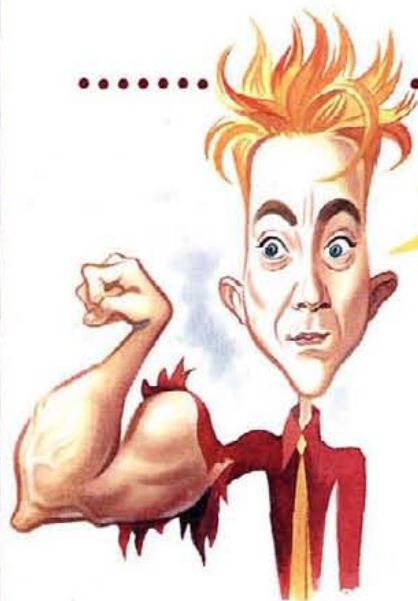
KEVIN SMITH

WRITER/DIRECTOR OF *CLERKS*,
CHASING AMY AND *DOGMA*

What drives me mad? I'll tell you. When I was a kid, I lived and died by MAD Magazine. I had an ass-load of back issues, and wanted to write for them when I grew up. I learned all the words to "Super Spectacular Day" and framed my official MAD suitable-for-framing Certificates. But there was no MAD merchandise that I could litter my room with; no Alfred E. Neuman statues, no Spy Vs. Spy figures — nothing. I would've scapped that kind of swag up by the gross, had it existed. But alas, there was none to be had. Flash forward, oh, twenty years. Now there's more MAD crap available than you can shake a Snappy Answer to a Stupid Question at, but I'm no longer the ardent MAD disciple I once was. The day I saw an Alfred E. Neuman print at the Warner Bros. Gallery, I knew I'd been born into the wrong decade, and that drove me mad. Very mad. Super Special mad.

MORT WALKER CARTOONIST, "BEETLE BAILEY"

You know what drives me mad? When people take me seriously. I'm almost never serious. Like today. A friend said he was going to call a person that we both know in another city. I said, "You can't call him. He's dead." They said, "How did he die?" I said, "He stopped breathing." They said, "How could they tell?" I said, "They asked him if he was breathing and he said, 'No.'" They said, "Really?" Wouldn't that make you mad?

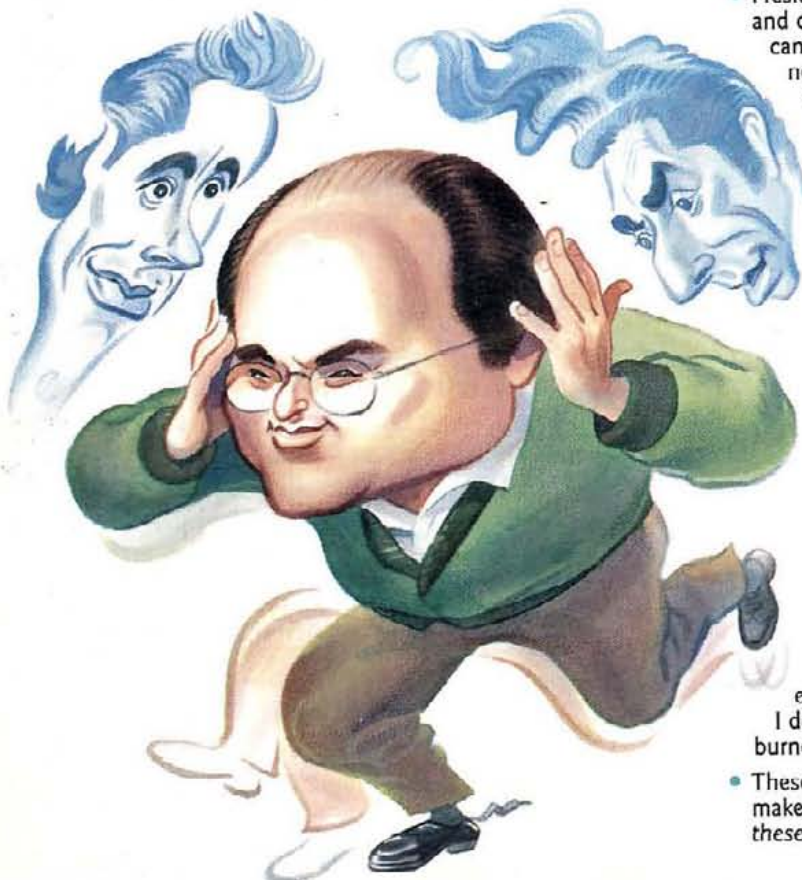


FRED SCHNEIDER LEAD SINGER, THE B-52'S

It drives me mad that in all the muscle and fitness magazines, they use my body in the photos but always use someone else's face!

JASON ALEXANDER ACTOR

- Being called "George" — for Chrissakes, my damn credit said "And Jason Alexander as George." It was up there plain as day for 9 years. Read the g**damn thing. It's easy...George = fictional, Jason = real. That goes for the other brilliant greetings I receive daily, "Where's Jerry?" "Where's Kramer?" They're dead, okay? Stop asking.
- Presidential election season — all the hoopla, all the sturm and drang — like we're really going to be able to elect a candidate who can do anything. Let's get real. We don't need a year to elect these yulzes. With the choices we're getting, we could do the whole thing in a week.
 - People who think all the rules of driving are somehow altered when it drizzles.
 - Sports injuries — before I started working out again I was injury free and pain free. Now I'm in great shape and every damn part of my body hurts like hell!
 - I swear if one more newspaper solicitor or long distance company calls my house at random to try and get me to subscribe or switch, it's gonna get ugly.
 - The *Premiere* magazine Power List of Hollywood. What 6 yokels make this thing up? There is more accuracy on a first grade spelling test than in this rag.
 - Would it have killed us to wait for cell phone technology until they made a cell phone that doesn't drop the call for no damn good reason right as the person on the other end is finally getting to the point of the reason for the call?
 - Would all the helpful people shut up already about the latest hair replacement techniques and laser eye surgery? If I wanted it, I'd have it already. I don't want holes punched into my head or eyeballs burned. I'm happy. Okay?!
- These stupid magazine retrospectives and surveys that make me pull out what's left of my hair trying to answer these things.





THE LIGHTER SIDE



JUSTICE

I don't understand, Mrs. Brandon! You've been married for over 65 years! Why do you want a divorce now?!

Enough is enough already!



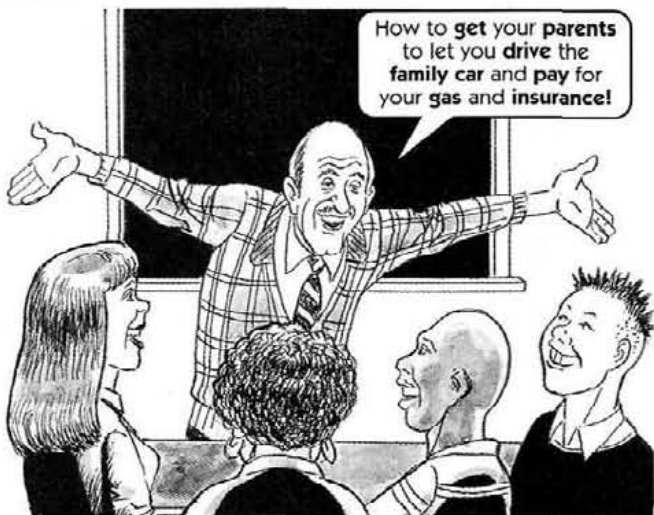
DRIVER'S ED

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

Today we're going to cover the most important thing for high school students to know about driving a car!



How to get your parents to let you drive the family car and pay for your gas and insurance!



BANDS

I say we trash this hotel room! Whadda you say?!

I say we'd better not!



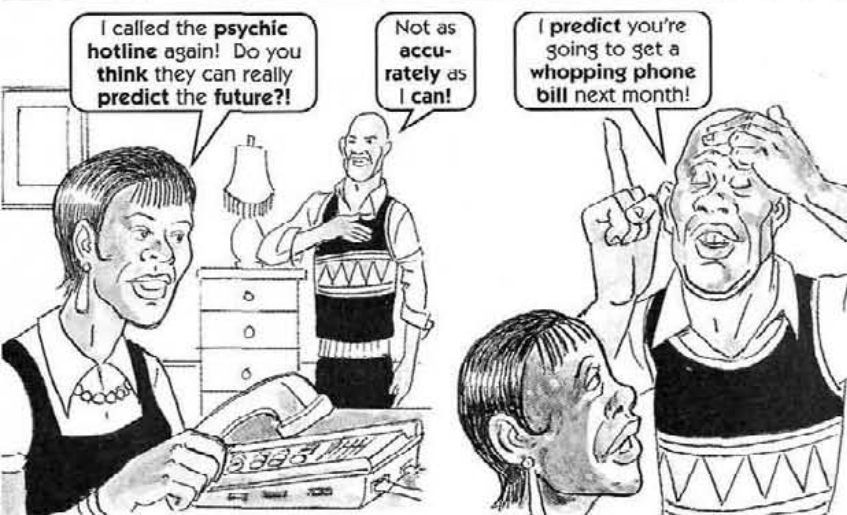
We're not famous enough to get away with it yet!



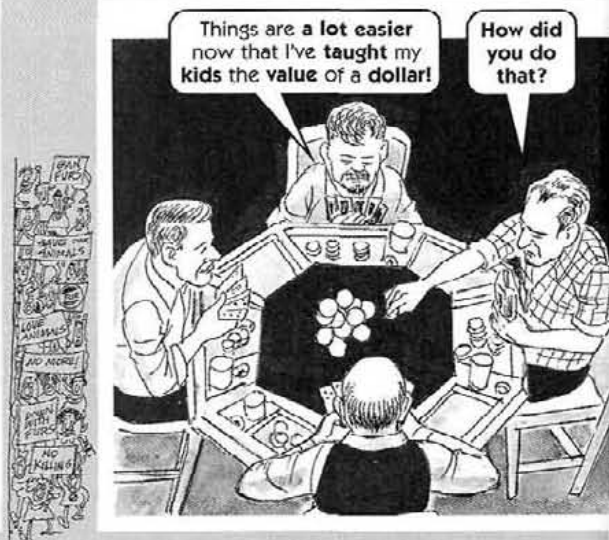
RELATIONSHIPS



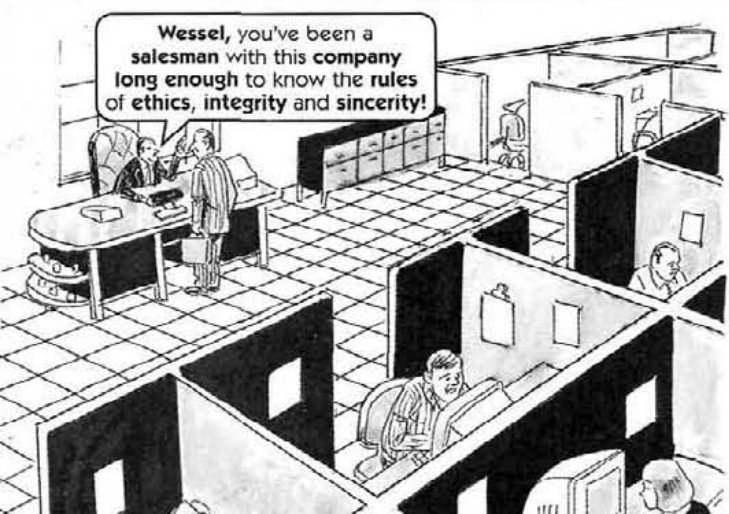
THE FUTURE



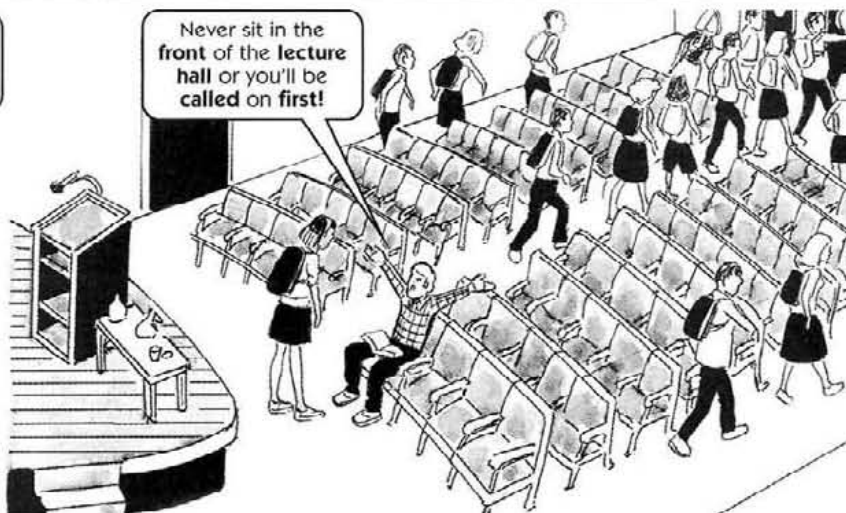
FINANCES



BUSINESS



EDUCATION



THERAPY



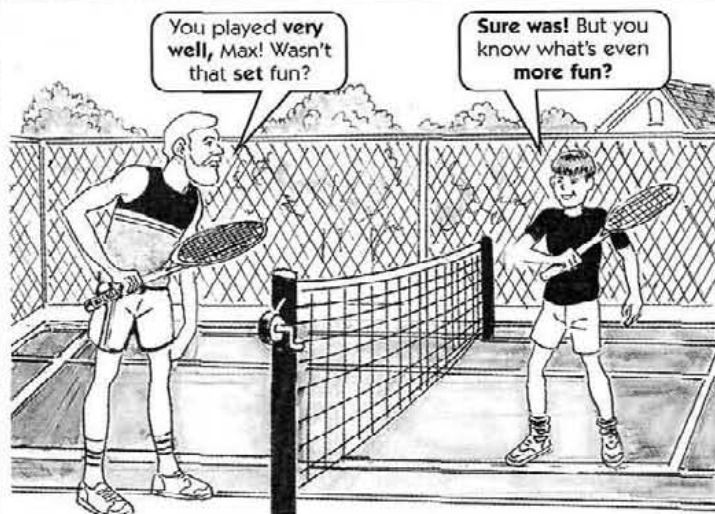
GETTING OLDER



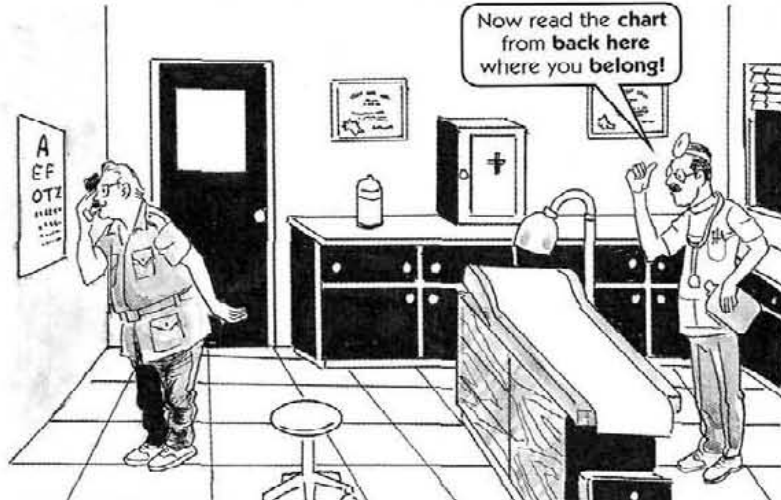
THE OFFICE



PRIORITIES



DOCTORS



3Con

Moronically connected.

Julia Roberts

Actress; Producer;
Dictionary Definition of "Glamour"



My agent's cell phone: Call him again to confirm my status as America's Sweetheart and #1 leading lady.



9 AM - 1 PM: Brush teeth and gums. Rinse.



Practice both of my kooky "romantic comedy" facial expressions in the mirror.



Make appointment with therapist to try to figure out my "Lyle Lovett" phase.



Synchronize and back up my Palm V Organizer with my PC — it's so simple, even that empty-headed, no-talent, honing-in-on-my-romantic-comedy-territory-bitch Cameron Diaz can do it.



Sexually Palm

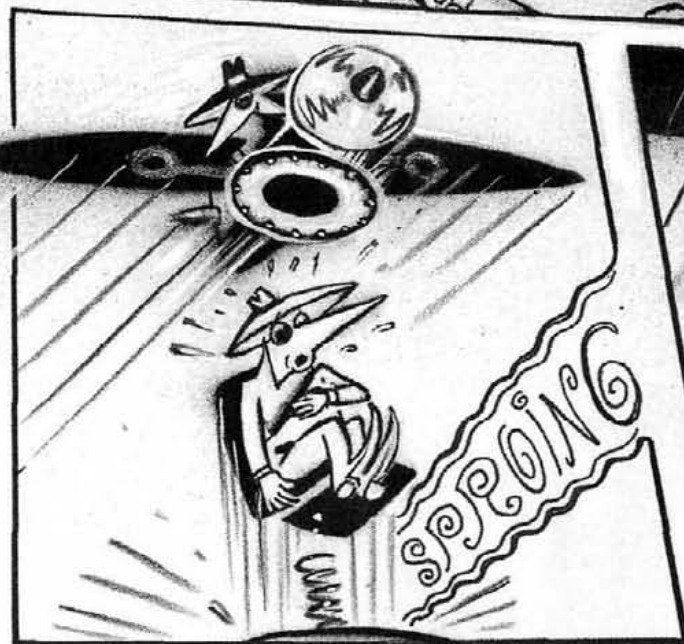
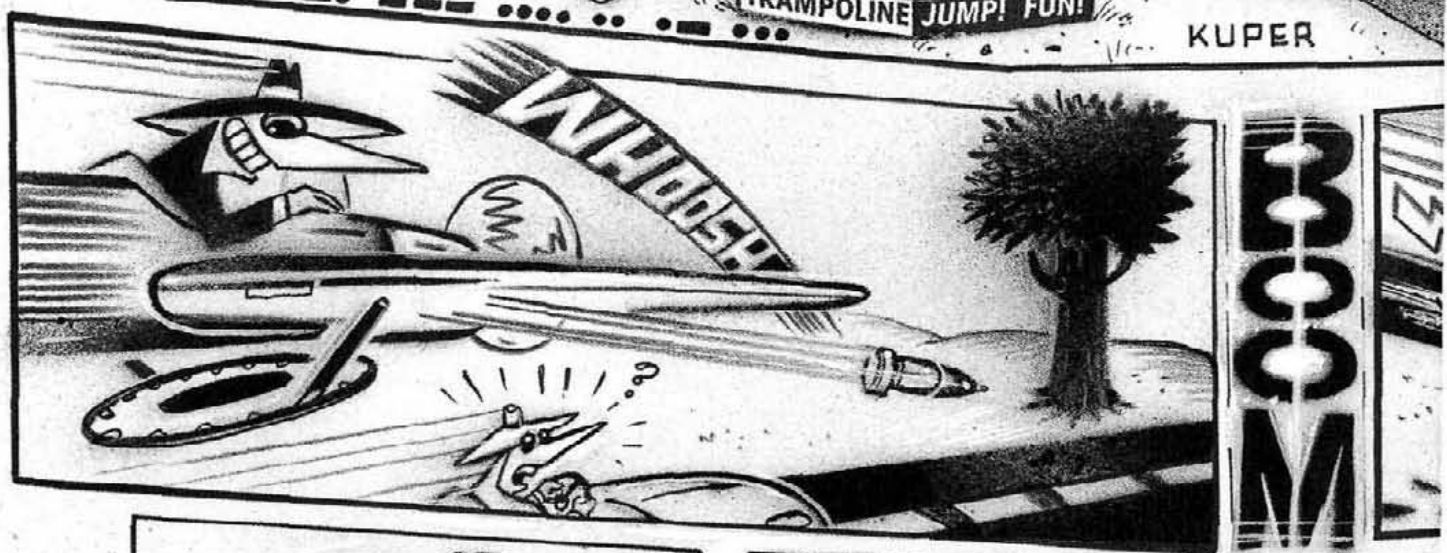
A MAD AD
PARODY

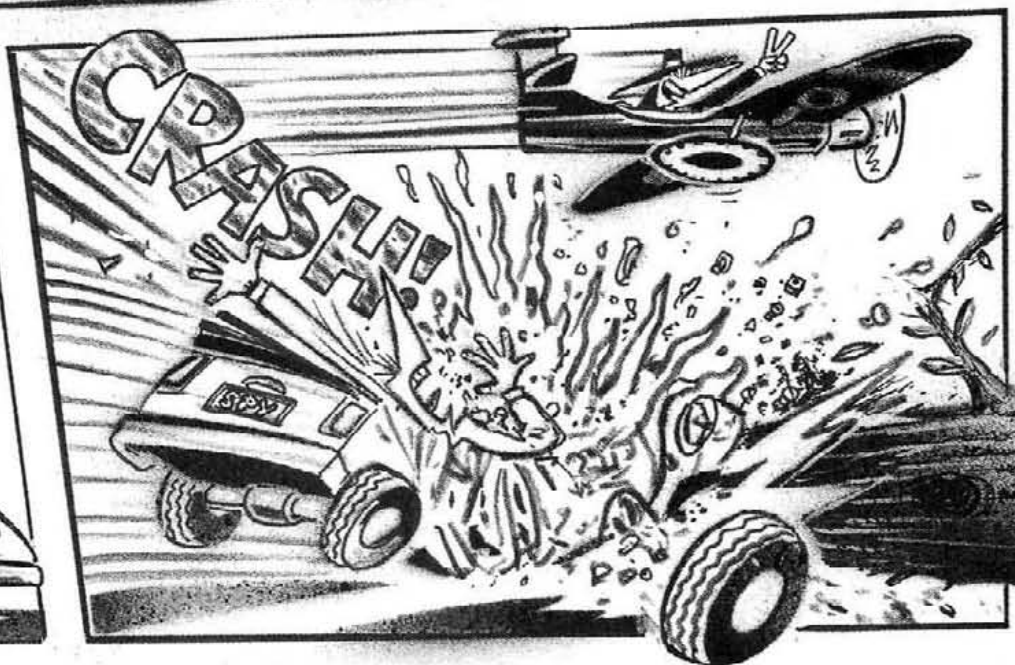
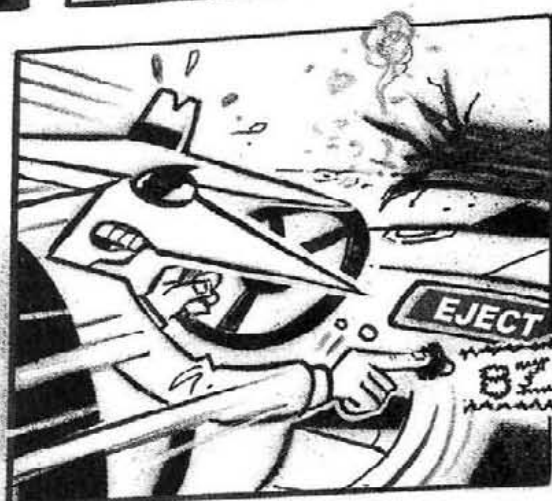
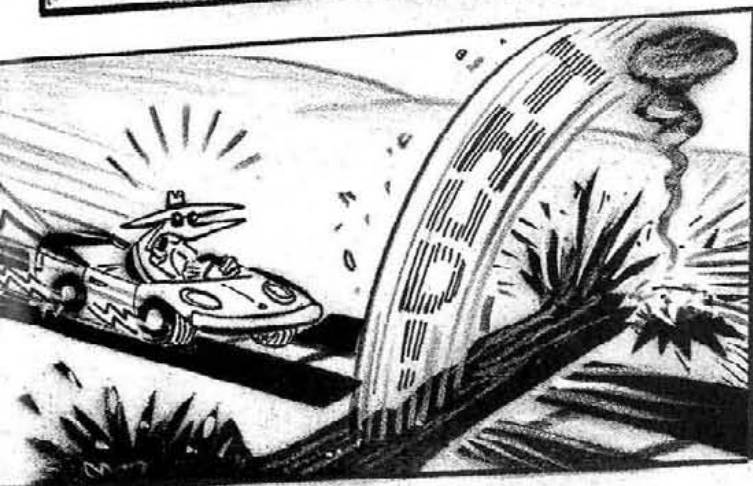
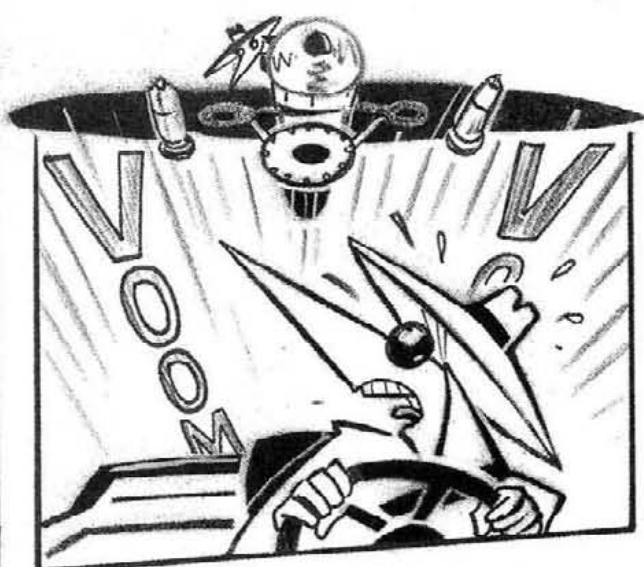
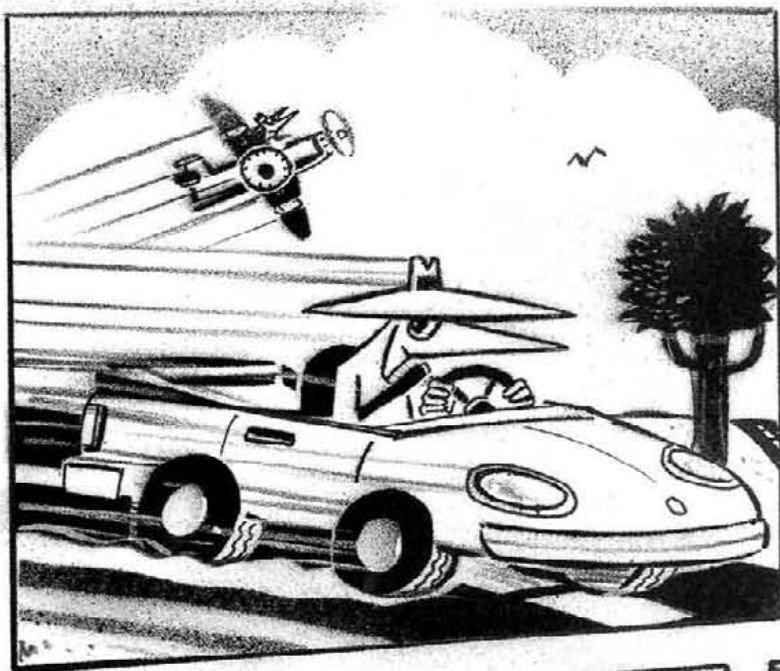
www.palmed-off.com

Palm Conartists, Inc., developer of the world's leading useless handheld toy.
©2000 Sexually Palm and the Palm logo are trademarks of Palmed-Off, Inc., which means nothing to you
who was so dumb to be using this glorified Gameboy as a doorstop inside of six weeks!



SPY VS SPY







Back in MAD #319 (recently named in a Harris Poll as one of the 400 worst issues of MAD of all time), we noted how big-time celebrities sign contracts that give them every little amenity their greedy, pampered hearts desire! And we noted

MORE CONTRACTUAL WE'D LIKE TO SEE SOME

George Lucas

- 1) The above agrees that any Princess that appears in any *Star Wars* movie must be at the very least one-third (1/3) as interesting as her hairdo.
- 2) The above shall make all possible effort to stop Yoda's voice from sounding like Grover from *Sesame Street*.
- 3) Due to the overwhelming popularity and capriciously early death of Darth Maul, the above agrees that said character will immediately be brought back to life in the next *Star Wars* movie, with the following stipulations:
 - A) said character does not at any time turn out to be related to anyone else; and/or
 - B) said character does not at any time wind up being a big wuss, like Darth Vader turned out to be.



IIIQT
DRUCKER

Will Smith

- 1) The above will cease-and-desist delivering Bill Cosby-style lectures to other rappers about their use of curses and/or sexist lyrics, until such time as the above no longer stars in videos where the women are barely wearing pants.
- 2) The above shall no longer claim credit for or generally foist upon the public "new music" that is in actuality just old '70s disco/Stevie Wonder riffs sampled over and over while the above goes "Hah-hah, hah-hah" and improves lame "I'm Big Will" rhymes over them.



The Cast of *The Blair Witch Project*

- 1) The above acknowledge and accept that they, as pet rock-style pop-culture icons, will hitherto be known not by their names, but as "The Chubby Map-Loser Guy," "The Skinny Shaggy-from-*Seooby-Doo*-Looking Guy" and "The Annoying Bitch Who Got Everyone Killed in the First Place."
- 2) To receive an extension in their already depleted 15 minutes of fame, all appearances made by the above shall be as a trio, most likely in the side bottom "Hollywood Square" next to the surviving cast members of *Gilligan's Island* and underneath that annoying "Puck" guy from *The Real World*.



how the world would be a much happier place if their contracts included clauses that spread a little joy to US, the miserable movie-going and TV watching public! Well, they ignored us then, and they'll probably ignore us now as we present...

OBLIGATIONS CELEBRITIES AGREE TO

Tom Clancy

- 1) All effort within the above's admittedly severe limits as an author will be made to provide adequate description for the living, breathing human characters in his books (officers, politicians, villains) equal to the loving, intimate detail he gives to the lifeless, inanimate objects in his book (weapons, tanks, guns, Jack Ryan).
- 2) In order to save time, money and trees, the above agrees to let his editors randomly remove 300 pages from each and every book before publishing it until some unlikely time that someone notices they're missing.
- 3) For every personal appearance the above makes in his trademark Navy cap, aviator shades and "I'm-a-cool-spy" camouflage pants, he must make three corresponding truth-in-advertising appearances in his "never-been-in-the-military, used-to-be-an-insurance-salesman short-sleeve nerd shirt" and big-ass "sitting-at-a-desk-all-day" pants.



Jewel, Fiona Apple and Tori Amos



- 1) As it has been duly established that the above are a) musicians, b) hot chicks and c) rambling, New Agey airhead nitwits, all future anti-man rants/quoting of poetry/random do-you-believe-in-fairies gibberings will be tolerated only as long as the above continue to a) wear skintight outfits, b) writhe around in their underpants in videos or c) straddle random piano stools.
- 2) As long as they continue to wear skintight outfits, writhe around in their underpants in videos and/or molest random piano stools, the above agree to cease and desist from decrying how women are objectified as sex objects.
- 3) All award speeches given by any of the above from now on will be at least 50% relevant, 40% time-appropriate and 10% comprehensible.
- 4) At no time will any of the above engage in, mention or refer to the following:
 - A) living in a van
 - B) yodeling
 - C) yodeling in a van
 - D) poetry, limericks, or album titles of more than 50 words
 - E) fairies, sprites, leprechauns, Maya Angelou, pixies, magic ponies and/or Pokémon.





Roberto Benigni

- 1) The above shall not, under any circumstance, apologize for how incomprehensible his English is by giving a rambling, disjointed, incomprehensible 20-minute speech in English.
- 2) The above agrees to learn one English phrase ("thank you") for any future awards show acceptance speeches, after which he will quietly sit down, shut the hell up and not indulge in any of the following:
 - A) climbing on the back of Steven Spielberg's chair
 - B) grabbing, kissing, fondling and/or lifting awards show girls
 - C) grabbing, kissing, fondling and/or lifting Steven Spielberg.

Gwyneth Paltrow

- 1) All reasonable steps will be taken to make the above's love life on-screen appear at least as interesting and scandalous as her love life off-screen.
- 2) It shall be understood that puckering, pouting, face-scrunching, nose-wiggling and/or general all-around puppy-dog-face making does not constitute or fall under the definition of "acting," and will therefore not be compensated thereof.
- 3) To eliminate the possible (and unbearable) repetition of any further *A Perfect Murder*/Michael Douglas-style co-star coupling, the above will be restricted to doing on-screen love scenes only with actors born in the same millennium as she.



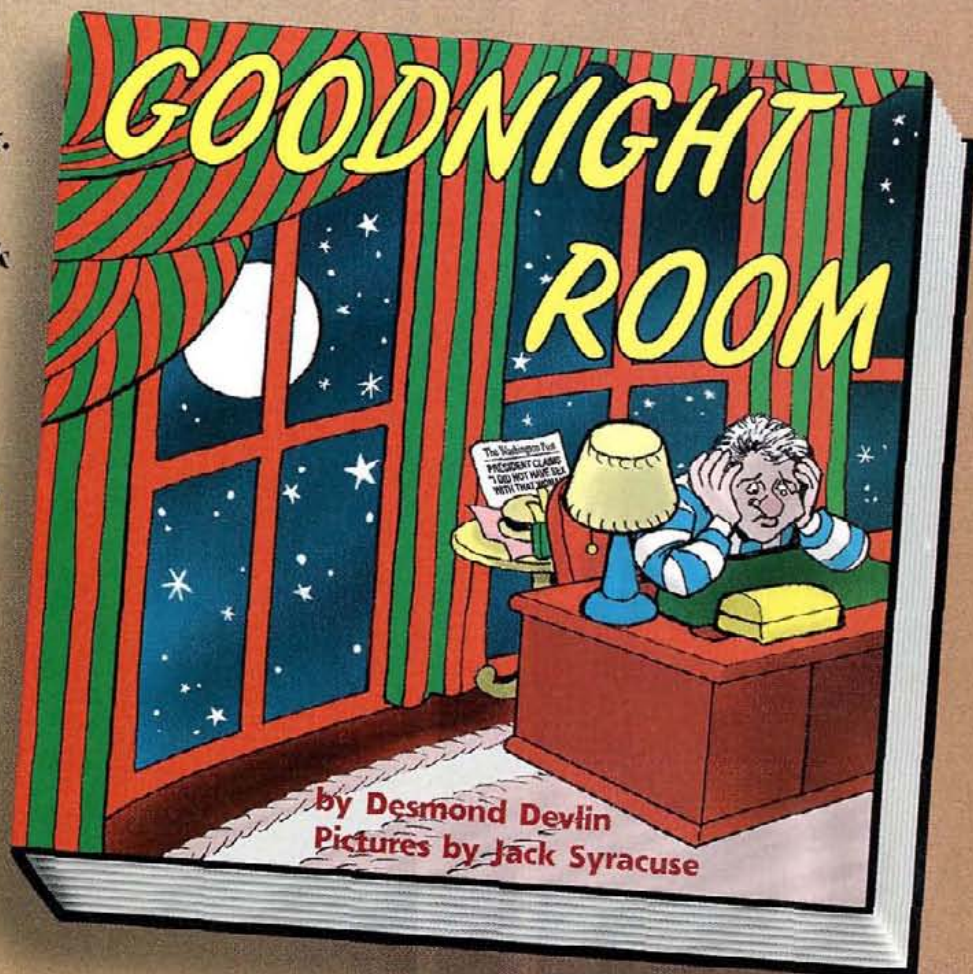
Oprah Winfrey



- 1) The above agrees to no longer pretend to be in a "professional quandary" about continuing to do a show where she works one hour a day and gets paid 50 kazillion dollars.
- 2) The above will forbear and refrain from this point forward in referring to the following:
 - A) Tiger Woods as "America's son"
 - B) Sinbad as a "comedian"
 - C) *Beloved* as "watchable."
- 3) Book Club Sub-Article 1-A: The above will hereby refrain from including in her "book club" any book containing/referring to/hinting at any combination of the following:
 - A) Mississippi in the '50s
 - B) Fat chicks, lost kids and/or lost fat kids
 - C) Books that bravely reveal the hitherto unknown fact that slavery was, like, really, really bad
 - D) Any book that could possibly star Oprah in a movie version
 - E) How men, in various, endless and methodically described detail: suck, have sucked, will suck, shall suck, should suck, could possibly have sucked, suck while we speak, sucked and never called, in any or all measurable amounts of suckitude.
- 4) For every "puff press release" show the above does for Kevin Costner and/or John Travolta and/or Ben Affleck and/or Matt Damon and/or Danny Glover on how "I promise you, this is the best movie I have ever seen, like, ever," she must do a corresponding show of equal length reporting that it turned out to be the biggest bomb everyone else had seen, like, ever.

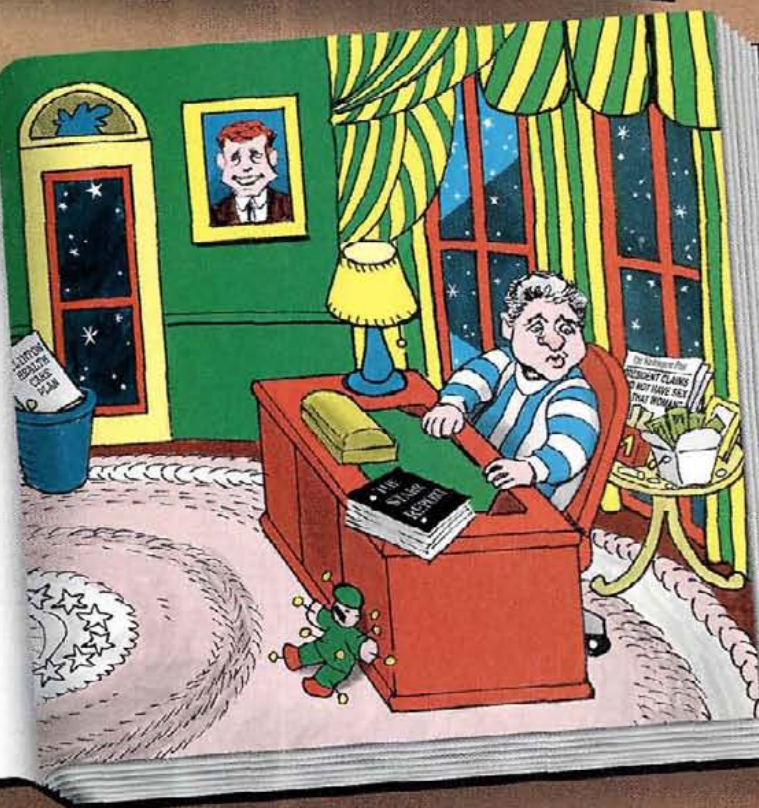


*It's been eight years,
and it's been exciting.
But now it's time for
President Bill to pack
up all his memories
and belongings and
say goodbye to the
office where so many
interesting and fun
things happened.
So curl up, boys
and girls, and MAD
will tell you a little
bedtime story.
It's one we call...*



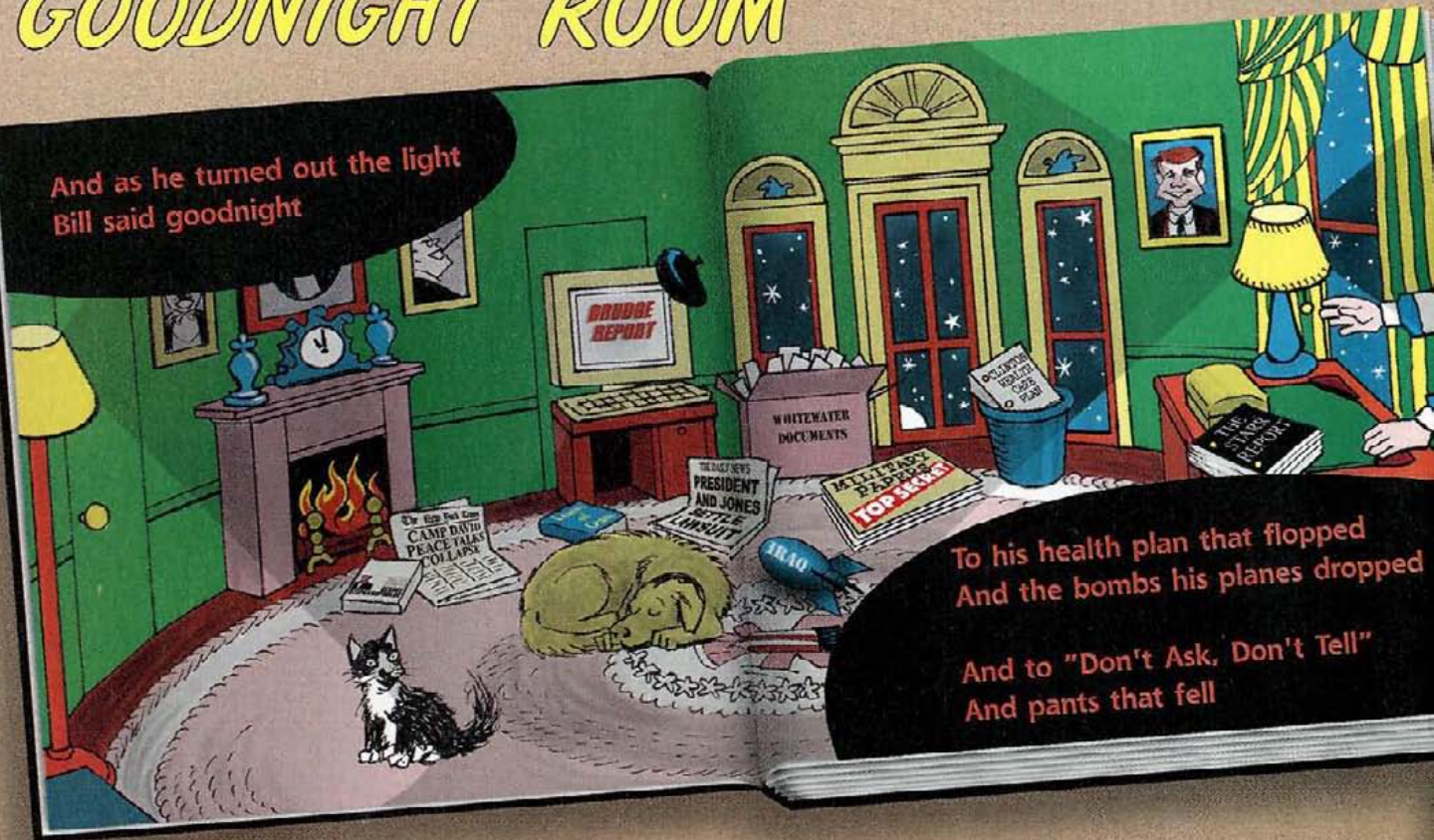
*In the oval room
There was a President
And an air of gloom
And the knowledge that*

The end of his tenure did loom.



GOODNIGHT ROOM

And as he turned out the light
Bill said goodnight



To his health plan that flopped
And the bombs his planes dropped
And to "Don't Ask, Don't Tell"
And pants that fell



Goodnight lies
Goodnight fries



Goodnight soft money with Chinese ties





And to Newt and to Tripp and to biting his lip



And to blowing on his sax
'cause he thought it looked "hip"

Goodnight Drudge
And Monica's thighs

Goodnight loans
Goodnight Jones

Goodnight cigar
And goodnight Ken Starr

GOODNIGHT ROOM

Goodnight trials
And goodnight files

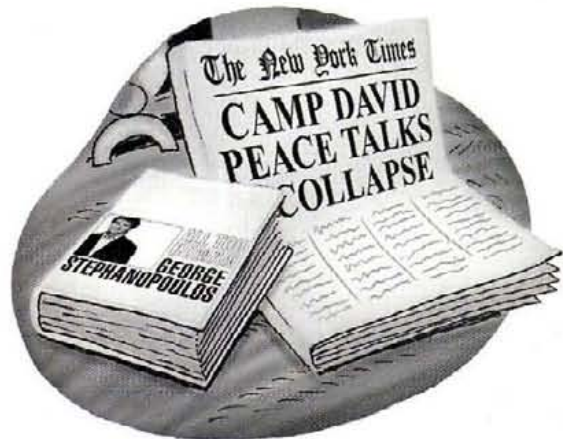
Goodnight "feel your pain"
Goodnight Hussein



And goodnight to the DNA stain that's still damp



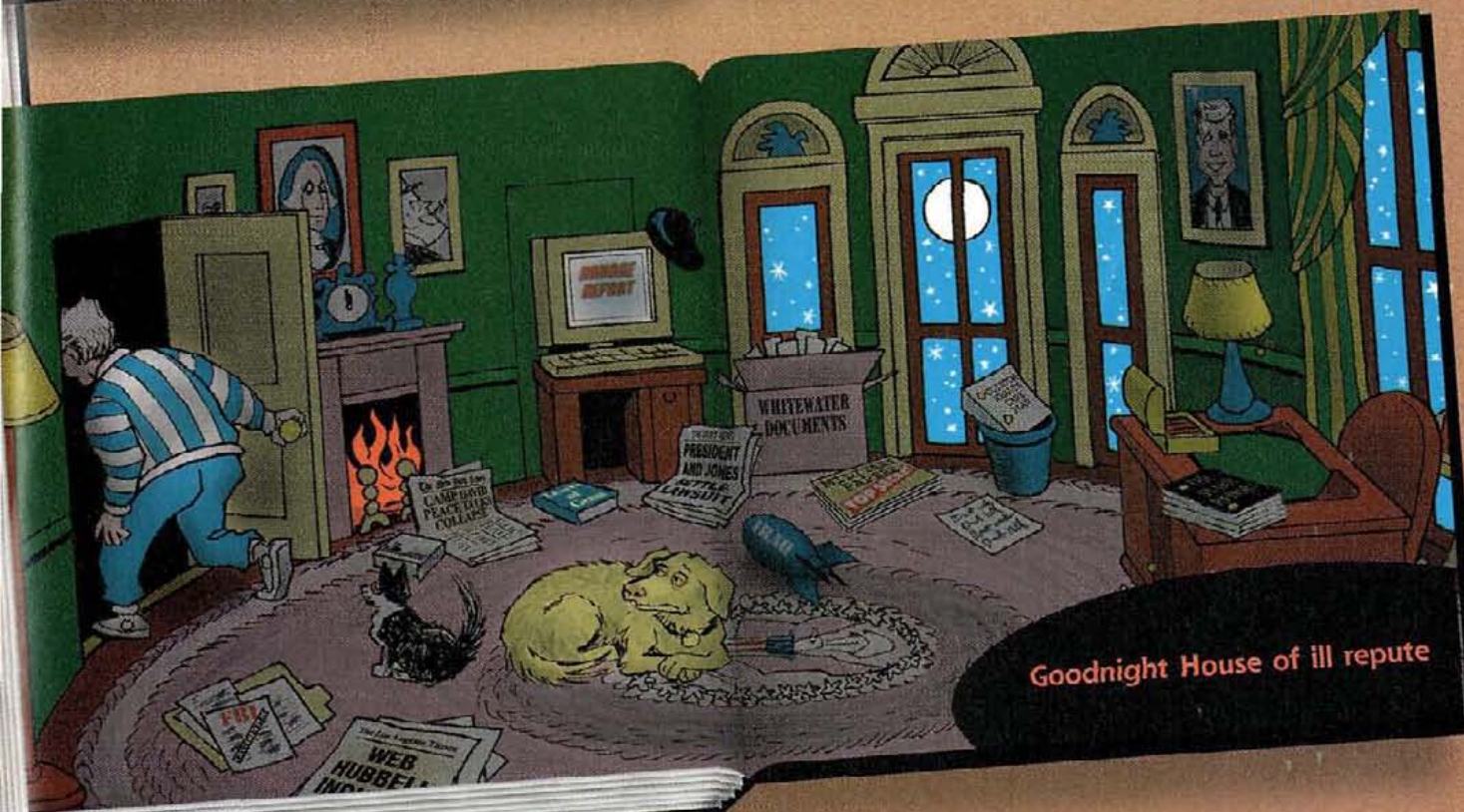
Goodnight Socks
Goodnight loot



Goodnight George
Goodnight camp



Goodnight First Lady
Goodnight lamp



Goodnight House of ill repute



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will be counted out of the ring!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE CANDIDATE FOR PAUL BEARER AND THE UNDERTAKER:

VINCE McMAHON

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Killed by flying splinters while standing too close to Spanish announcer's table

1:1

V.D. contracted from one of D'Lo Brown's ho escorts

5:1

Terminal "creeps" upon accidentally catching a glimpse of Rikishi naked

7:1

Brain explodes from trying to keep all the WWF storylines straight

10:1

Gets drunk, slips and hits head during party at XFL offices to celebrate putting the NFL out of business

5,400,000,000:1

Stroke from tireless efforts to ensure that regular telecasts are not just commercials for the Pay-Per-Views

8,300,000,000:1

Exhaustion from making sure that every wrestler gets their equal share of WWF profits

1,000,000,000,000:1

Hey, Vince—
you suck!
—Eric Bischoff

ARTIST: JON WEIMAN
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

3Con

Moronically connected.

Bobby Knight

Former Head Coach,
Indiana University Hoosiers



Latrell Sprewell's PR Firm: Call to discuss
post-strangling media strategy and spin-control.



6 PM: Weekly clinic appointment for experimental
tranquilizer I.V. drip treatment.



Note to self: When color of face matches
color of sweater, it's time to relax.



Prepare for WWF debut as new character "Hoosier Daddy."



Synchronize and back up this stupid #@!*-ing Palm V Org —
Oh great, it's beeping —
Hello? Hello?! How the hell do you answer this thing?
G ** DAMN IT!!!!

Sickly Palm

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A MAD AD
PARODY

Palm Conartists, Inc., developer of the world's
leading obscenely overpriced handheld toy.
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Off, Inc., which means nothing to you who will no doubt be much
better off spending \$9.99 on an ordinary Daily-Planner book!